

owing chiefly to the unique response of the conqueror. Generations of frontier strife had left a legacy of bitterness that was bound to test the most charitable British intentions, and when the Treaty of Paris in 1763 demolished the French North American empire the stricken inhabitants faced not only political but also social and cultural annihilation. In the beginning, indeed, the British Government planned to force the French-Canadian province into the same pattern as the Thirteen Colonies. From this policy they were saved by the wisdom of British soldiers, who were sympathetic to the needs and feelings of the new subjects, and who made no effort to change the French-Canadian mentality and way of life. As Gustave Lanctôt in *1774 and the American Revolution* (1974, 178s) says: "The English unconsciously put into practice Machiavelli's theory that you can easily govern a foreign people if you do not try to modify its ancient customs."

When civilian government was introduced in August, 1764, both Governor James Murray and his successor Guy Carleton insisted that the French Canadian should be protected in his ancient laws and customs, especially in matters of land tenure, and both supported the use of French civil law in the courts. "Barring a catastrophe, shocking to think of," wrote Carleton, "this country must to the end of time be peopled by the Canadian race, who already have taken such firm root and got to so great a height, that any new stock transplanted would be totally hid and imperceptible among them, except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal." This was certainly the point of view that influenced the British Government in 1774 when they passed the Quebec Act. Although some such measure was necessary to clear up the confusion with regard to laws and religion, the Quebec Act was essentially an act of expediency to preserve Canada at a time when murmurs of rebellion were rising to the southward and when war with the French was regarded as an imminent

possibility. As it happened, the Act irritated rather than intimidated the English colonists, and when the War of the American Revolution broke out, the French Canadians distinguished themselves by remaining sullenly neutral. Although the bulk of the clergy remained loyal, as Dr. Lanctôt tells us, the average *habitant* refused to have anything to do with the war. Fewer than 400 fought on the Loyalist side: only a handful joined the rebels.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of British failures, thousands of Loyalists migrated voluntarily or under compulsion into Canada and Nova Scotia. The 30,000 or so who took refuge in the Maritime provinces created no problem, but most of the 7,000 who crossed the St. Lawrence River were bound to resent a constitutional and social system that had been intended, in 1774, for a country that seemed likely to remain everlastingly French. Similarly, the French Canadians were bound to be excited by the invasion of fiercely British immigrants, who were certain to demand their accustomed institutions and liberties. Consequently, the American Revolution not only created a racial duality; it introduced a new and uncompromising spirit of race nationalism, which further waves of settlers from Europe were to consolidate.

Following the Napoleonic Wars a steady stream of immigrants poured into the St. Lawrence Valley; between 1830 and 1832 more than 10,000 arrived from the United Kingdom alone. By the end of the 1840s Lord Durham's creation, the newly united province of Canada (1841), had a population of nearly a million and a half. Most of the immigrants went to the upper St. Lawrence area, subsequently to be called Ontario; but in the French part of the province population gains depended chiefly on natural increase. Unhappily, the lack of a systematic land policy continued to put brakes on Canadian development generally.

The lessons of past history, when vast tracts were surrendered to mono-

polists and speculators and allowed to remain in their natural state until made salable by the advance of private settlement, were ignored. Consequently, thousands of prospective settlers moved off westward through Detroit into the Mississippi Valley. During the 1830s only about a third of the newcomers to Upper Canada (Ontario) remained in that province, and this unhappy situation scarcely improved with the coming of the railways. The Grand Trunk Railway with its western terminus at Port Huron became after its completion in 1853 one of the most important instruments in the development of the American North-West. By the end of the century it is probable that the number of native-born Canadians living in the United States nearly equalled the number living in Canada. Professor Macdonald, in his *Canada: Immigration and Colonisation 1841-1903*, contends that the tide of immigration after 1871 had turned definitely in favour of Canada, but his statistics do not confirm this assertion. Between 1871 and 1901, the Canadian population of around three and a half millions grew at the rate of less than 60,000 a year, during which time more than a million and a half disillusioned German, Scandinavian, British and central European immigrants moved southward across the American border.

Not until the opening of the twentieth century did the tide turn with the opening of the Canadian West. At break-neck speed settlers and speculators began to roll into the prairies at the rate of two and three hundred thousand a year, forcing the creation of two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan. During this period British capital and British and American machinery were plentifully supplied to ease the task of subjugating the soil. Feeder lines were added to the Canadian Pacific, and two additional and unnecessary railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, were built to transport the newcomers and the prospective fruits of their labours. Emigrants from the British Isles and from eastern Canada laid the original pattern of prairie life, but as Douglas

Hill explains in *The Opening of the Canadian West*, Ruthenians and Poles, Ukrainians and Doukhobors brought with them their own cultural and religious customs and traditions, that have been maintained with blended variations to the present day. Doubtless most Americans paid little attention to this peaceful revolution at their borders. They simply took Canada for granted, an attitude of "benevolent condescension" that confirmed, however, a happy revolution in their own attitudes. After the Civil War the United States had the resources, the experience and the ambition that seemed to justify possession of the largest army in the world. Economic pressure alone, it was assumed by many Americans, would suffice to propel Canada into commercial, and possibly political, union with the Republic. Lacking the self-reliance that comes from prosperous growth and close political integration, Canada was forced to depend for security largely on the bargaining power of British diplomacy, and this was severely limited.

Indeed, the weary "imperial titan" became more anxious as time went on to placate rather than provoke the United States, and policies of appeasement, which British governments practised, often meant yielding on peculiarly sensitive issues such as fisheries and boundaries. With worldwide responsibilities which were being rapidly extended in Africa, and still dominated by the Free Trade ideal, British statesmen were not prepared to press Canadian claims at the risk of war. No matter how righteous the Canadian cause, they were unwilling to provoke the United States with any show of "mailed diplomacy." Considering the vulnerability of Canada this policy of surrender was probably the correct one: Canada had much more to lose from a just war than from an unjust treaty.

None the less, even before Joseph Chamberlain introduced glamour into the Colonial Office, colonies were becoming fashionable. Under the impact of industrial competition and the leadership of statesmen like Disraeli, the new Imperialism gained as rapidly as doctrines of laissez-faire dwindled. Imperial responsibility for British subjects, interests and territories, it was announced, should not be limited by geography. In 1884 the Imperial Federation League was organized in London, and thereafter branches were established in various Canadian cities. The aim of the movement was not only to resist the widespread tendency of carelessness and indifference towards the imperial connexion, but also to prepare the ground for a systematic plan of Empire federation.

But even in the wide and unbounded field of joint defence, a growing national consciousness having havoc with the plans of the Federalists. So far as defence matters were concerned, the Colonial Conference of 1887 amounted to little more than an Australian-South African forum; Canada took little part in the deliberations. Relying on the British Government's undertaking to defend the country, the Canadian delegation contended that the Royal Navy's Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons provided them with as much security as it was possible for a small continental colony to obtain. In short, Canada announced a policy of non-participation in both national and imperial schemes of naval defence, and this policy of the status quo was inflexibly maintained until plans for a small local navy were launched in 1910. The issue revealed a curious national dilemma which was largely a consequence of the unsettled constitutional position of the country. There was general unanimity among Canadians on the question of retaining within the Empire; yet no Canadian statesman was prepared to accept an obligation to share in imperial defence, even to the extent of modest naval grants, perchance such contributions threatened national or racial autonomy. Indeed, and especially in French Canada, it was assumed that any substantial increase in local military estimates might commit the colony to participation in remote British wars.

Hence while he submitted to his Ontario supporters in making token contributions to the South African war, Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier persisted at successive Imperial conferences in blocking all attempts at

Angonize his Quebec supporters. Only the need for holding an important section of English-Canadian Liberals forced him to contemplate the creation of a Canadian navy. His Naval Service Bill promising five cruisers and six destroyers, helped to lose him the election of 1911, and although it had become law, as Richard A. Preston in *Canada and Imperial Defence* (1965) succinctly explains, the ship never materialized. Neither did the "contributions" plan of his Conservative successor, Sir Robert Borden, who lost the election of 1917. The Borden Bill for the building of battleships in Britain passed the Commons, but was crushed by a Liberal majority in the Senate.

None the less, although the growth of national self-consciousness (English as well as French) had been slowly sapping traditional impulses of colonial loyalty, in 1914 the Borden government immediately accepted the British declaration of war as an automatic commitment for the whole Empire. Out of a population of some nine millions, 600,000 joined the fighting forces, and more than 50,000 were left dead in France and Belgium. Unhappily, extreme nationalists in French Canada came to regard "Ontario Prussianism" as a greater menace than the German armies, and when in 1917, the Government accepted selected conscription as a means of filling depleted ranks, the wound to Canadian unity was severe and lasting. Leaders of Quebec nationalism were to talk about secession, and the formation of a separate state, "Laurentia".

The war of 1914-18, by advertising the sacrifices of a self-governing North American nation, provided the first step up the ladder of what was subsequently to be called Dominion Status; and after the war, by a series of cautious retreats from British imperial responsibilities, it was possible for the Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, to underline this newly acquired status. In 1923, when a treaty with Turkey was eventually negotiated, Canada declined to ratify it on the grounds that she was not represented. In 1925 she refused to participate in the negotiations preceding the Treaty of Locarno, and the final abandonment of a common foreign policy for the Empire revealed itself in Clause IX of the Treaty which specifically excluded the Dominions from its provisions, and in so doing recognized that a Dominion might adopt a passive role in any European conflict involving the Mother Country. The Imperial Conference of 1926 adopted this declaration of independence and by the end of the 1920s Canada appeared to have reached the Promised Land. Legal equality was guaranteed by the Statute of Westminster of 1931.

Yet, in spite of her enhanced status as a partner in the Commonwealth, Canada had less influence on high policy matters between 1939 and 1945 than during the First World War. The often advertised role of Canada as interpreter between two great kindred powers is a myth; neither Great Britain nor the United States called her to their councils. There was a heretofore partnership in name, but in practice the main direction of military affairs within North America was provided by the United States. This unilateral surrender of part of her sovereignty was largely the result of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, much to the regret of those who would have held her responsible. In spite of being a thousand miles of ocean, Canada remained a prisoner of herself, and in 1939 she was to pay the price for failing to understand that Europe could not be ignored.

None the less, when peace came largely in consequence of the revolution in her industrial life, the notion of "arsenal of democracy" took fourth place as a trading and industrial nation. And until the discovery of devastated Europe—especially Japan—she was able, because of the resources at her disposal, to exercise a considerable influence in the councils of powers. Indeed, it became a matter of pride to Canada as the only member of international organizations to exercise a small power, playing a civilizing role in

the Commonwealth in 1956, official peace remained on peace, but the use of force, even through the United Nations, was not a basic Canadian interest. Canada, wrote B. Preston in 1965, "has developed a special interest in international peace-keeping in many of the world's trouble spots and has played a leading part with equipment, money and ideas—efforts to make peace-keeping activities effective." And again, "Canada played a leading part in the development of an Atlantic community... We believed in this community... but we would lose interest if it degenerated into merely an old-fashioned military alliance directed by three or four of its most powerful members." To avoid such a degeneration the Canadian Government is responsible for adding Article 10 to the terms of the Nato alliance, calling for joint action by the signatories in economic and cultural fields as well as in the military. As former Secretary of State Dean

Adson has pointed out in a ruthless direction of the "Voice of God" in *Neighbours Taken for Granted*, this clause is pure evasion. Nato happens to be a military alliance, and no partner can expect to claim powers of leadership, or count on strengthening its position in the forum of the United Nations by means of peace-loving aims supported by a few peace-keeping patriots. One senses that the American daydream of today might be tempted to repeat to Mr. Pearson his reply to General Patton in 1944: "Yah, your guts and our wood!"

It is a mistake for any government to assume the mantle of international peace-keeper, unless that government is prepared in the last resort to back up intervention with the armed men necessary to make the effort effective. The British, Canada must come to terms with her diminished role in the world. This she has already been learning the hard way: a process that is painful to pride, but altogether wholesome if it eliminates further official rhetoric in regard to her unique role as professional Flower Child on the international stage.

The life of Canada is now too closely interwoven with that of the United States to permit too zealous a scramble for even the worthiest ends. Geography has forced the two countries into an unequal partnership, which, under Ameri-

can direction, can have no fixed limit. Canada has been and remains incapable of providing for the military and naval establishments required to defend her essential interests. Inevitably Washington is bound to regard Canadian shores as simply northern extensions of the Atlantic and Pacific coastlines of the United States, and there is little that Canadians can do about it. The vital decisions for Canada, as for Britain, will continue to be made in Washington.

Recent books concerned with Canada include:—

Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Volume 1: 1000 to 1700. General Editor George W. Brown, assisted by Marcel Trudel and André Vachon. 755pp. Toronto University Press, London: Oxford University Press, £5.

RICHARD COLLEBROOK HARRIS: *The Nineteenth Century in Canada: A Geographical Study*. 247pp. The University of Wisconsin Press, (American Universities Publishers Group) £3 15s.

GUNARVI LAMONT: *Canada and the American Revolution 1774-1783*. Translated by Margaret M. Cameron. 321pp. Harvard University Press, London: Harvill, £2 5s.

NORMAN MACDONALD: *Canada: Immigration and Colonisation 1841-1903*.

381pp. Aberdeen University Press, 40s.

DONALD HILL: *The Opening of the Canadian West*. 291pp. Heinemann, £2 15s.

RICHARD A. PRESTON: *Canada and Imperial Defence*. A study of the origins of the British Commonwealth's defense organization 1867-1919. 576pp. Duke University Press, \$12.50.

LIVINGSTON T. MURCHANT (Editor): *Neighbours Taken for Granted*. 166pp. Praeger, for the School of Advanced International Studies, Johns Hopkins University. Distributed by Pall Mall Press, £2 2s.

EARLE TOPPING (Editor): *Canada*. 144pp. 156 plates. Angus and Robertson, £6 6s.

Africa

TRIBAL TITBITS

Joy ADAMSON: *The Peoples of Kenya*. 400pp. Collins. £4 4s.

Joy Adamson, the author of *Born Free* and other books about Elsa, the lioness which she and her family reared, began painting Kenyans of various tribes in their traditional wear in 1945.

After she had already done a number of paintings—and had some published in the *Geographical Magazine*—she was commissioned by the colonial Government to produce a record of the twenty-two most important tribes. This task was considerable, involving the painting of 132 portraits in twelve to eighteen months. The present book is an account of the undertaking.

The illustrations naturally bulk large. There are thirty-two colour plates of Mrs. Adamson's paintings, and 268 half-tones, mostly photographs taken by the author but including many black-and-white reproductions of her paintings.

Mrs. Adamson makes it clear in the text that she had difficulty in finding sitters who normally wore the costumes she was painting, and this shows. Some of the portraits—too few—are striking, and all these are of people of the tribes like the Masai and Samburu who still preserve a good deal of their traditional way of life. Mrs. Adamson's Kikuyu warriors, on the other hand, look like what they are: the most part are—cooks and farmers dressed up. The effect at times is comic. Paradoxically, her photographs are on the whole far better than the paintings.

Mrs. Adamson's commission was to produce an anthropological record, and it perhaps did not much matter that she is an undistinguished painter. But though she worked hard to reproduce what she saw, the result—even as a record—was not very satisfactory. She may, for instance, have tried to find the ritual significance and symbolism of the clothes and ornaments she was painting, but neither in the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi (where the originals hang) nor in this book are her paintings adequately informative considering the time and work which went into them.

If poor captioning makes the illustrations of *The Peoples of Kenya* unsatisfactory, the text is even more so. Mrs. Adamson spent about ten years at her work. Her travels took her all over Kenya in a series of safaris anybody would envy. She was at close quarters, for the hours taken to paint a portrait, with an unparalleled cross-section of Kenya's ordinary people.

One would have thought that the account of all this could not fail to be extraordinarily exciting. Yet Mrs. Adamson has succeeded in making it almost dull.

Her book reads as though she had gone chronologically through her old diaries, writing them up a bit, adding a little from memory, and supplying a certain amount of anthropological and sociological meat from the books listed in the bibliography. The result is a mishmash of travel diary, description of the problems of finding sitters, chatty narrative about the sitters when found, interspersed with the author's various trials by sickness, untrustworthy cooks, and so on.

There are many references to legend, ritual and so on, but (in spite of the bibliography) they mostly read like titbits picked up during the gossip of a long painting session. They certainly tell one very little. The following is typical: "By now the D.O. had produced a few models, among whom was a 'witch doctor'. He looked a bit of a fake but made up for it by telling me the story of a monster which rises from Lake Victoria and disappears into the sky. I suppose he meant the thin curtain of rain one could often see hanging over the lake which, whipped by a storm into fine whirls, could easily give rise to such a legend."

If the witch doctor looked a fake, was he? If so, why did Mrs. Adamson paint him? If not, why bother about an erroneous first impression? The author gives the impression of not caring much either way. Why can we not be told more of the monster, which sounds interesting enough? And why did Mrs. Adamson not find out whether it is connected with the rain, instead of just supposing so?

This passage is all too representative of the book as a whole—and not only in its dreary style. Nothing is followed up; nothing is analysed in what emerges as a ragbag of bits and pieces. Mrs. Adamson's experiences and opportunities for learning about Kenya could have made an outstanding book if only they had happened to somebody else. As it is, all chances are missed, all trails lead to frustration. Beside this, the fact that it is twelve years out of date is perhaps less significant. If *The Peoples of Kenya*, in spite of everything, contains a good deal of interest, the credit is due to the subject—and to the author only in her role as photographer.

KAFFIR FIGHTING

T. O. RANGER: *Revolt in Southern Rhodesia 1896-7*. 403pp. Heinemann. £3 3s.

It is paradoxical that at a time when while Rhodesia is so firmly in the pillory for man's inhumanity to man, her central archives should have become so free a quarry for liberal scholarship. To Gunn and Gelfand one may now add, though on a narrower front, the name of Ranger. Translated from the growing suffocation of Salisbury to the lower but headier atmosphere of University College, Dur es Salaam, Professor Ranger takes a detailed look at the sudden uprising of the Matabele and Mashona tribes in 1896-97. His aim is to ram home the lesson that the resultant white folk tale (based on fear) that "you can never trust a nigger" has very largely made Rhodesia what it is today.

To the general reader, the greater part of this book will be as heavy-going as a mid-winter fenland field. Even the specialist may weary at the lecturing turn of phrase—"Let us now..." "We turn next to..." and so on. But for the concluding chapters, Mr. Ranger comes precious close to losing himself in the labyrinth of his own painfully constructed story. And a story which has noble elements of the despairing underdog pitted against the might, the wealth and blindness of the intruder comes near to foundering on a reef of anthropological detail.

The summary, however, redeems the whole. We face in turn the allegedly dispirited and splintered remnants of two ancient tribes; the virtual handful of northward-thrusting settlers; Rhodes, his agent in Salisbury, Earl Grey, and his far off company directors; the High Commissioner at the Cape; the missionaries; and the good old Imperial Government, Joe Chamberlain *et al*. The *coup de théâtre* is in the best tradition. The supreme tribes revolt. Intelligence is proved hopelessly at fault. Hundreds of outlying whites are massacred. Panic, followed by a

blind thirst for revenge, seizes the beleaguered community of Bulawayo. The local press thunders out nigger-bashing articles. Rhodes and the Company look to their profits and demand military protection at imperial cost. At home the "Exeter Hall" clique throw up their hands in horror at such bloody goings-on. In the end ("his finest hour") Rhodes sees the red light: risks his reputation—already shaken by the Jameson Raid—and calls the Matabele chiefs to an indaba.

Peace breaks out, the Mashona are subsequently suppressed; a few witch doctors and medicine men are hanged and the chorus comes on stage to pronounce its verdict: the settlers had underrated the patience of the tribes. Men could not be press-ganged from their land and the land from the tribe without some resentment showing. Rhodesian Africans were educable. Finance companies, obliged to show a profit, were not the best of colonial tutors. The missionaries were not pie-in-the-sky subversives. They could be as downcast as any men and just as brave.

Let Grey have the penultimate lesson-drawing word on the admirable concluding chapters of this book: So long as I remain here my endeavour will be to teach the natives that my Government is strong enough to punish them when they do wrong and to protect them when they do right and the white population that the employer who ill treats his native dependents and defrauds them of their just rights is a scoundrel. But in the final analysis what about this on-the-spot account—allowing for temporary hysteria—which a white official posted home—"I don't think we should have such a lot of cant and hypocrisy and false sentimentalism in the Old Country if they could be sent out in batches and put through a healthy course of kaffir fighting."

Alas for 1923! In Salisbury at least, as Professor Ranger infers, the nineteenth century lingers on.

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METHUEN



MACMILLAN

First World War

RACE TO THE SEA

JEAN RATINAUD: *La Course à la mer*. 345pp. Paris: Fayard. 21.60fr.

This is a record of just over two months, from September 14 to November 17, 1914. We in this country at one time considered "Race to the Sea" appropriate, but few of us still do so because for most of the time Germans, French, and British were trying to turn their enemy's flanks. In the final phase the title may stand because the Allies, the British in particular, were naturally thinking of the Channel Ports. Except in official histories, the story cannot often have been told in so much detail for all three.

Where the British are concerned there are some remarkable blunders of which the following are examples: "Sir Henry Kitchener" is described as short in height and General Byng as educated in the "High Schools"; Eton will be delighted to learn how high it was. There are other slips of this kind, but the characters of all the leading commanders and a good many juniors are very well brought out and in some cases their future careers are dealt with. The whole story, despite its great length, is extremely interesting, though it keeps one's nose to the grindstone.

Among the seniors are Joffre, Foch, Castelnau, Maud'huy, and Franchet d'Espèrey; the younger Moltke and his successor Falkenhayn, the German and Bavarian Crown Princes; French, Haig, Allenby, and Pulteney; and the King of the Belgians.

From the point of view of interest this second phase of the war is unique, as indeed the first had been. The Allies had behind them vast series of campaigns, some difficult and costly, but even then were waged against a relatively well-trained and equipped enemy at a great advantage, while the Germans could only look back on trifling affairs in Africa. But their leaders were as competent,

certainly after Falkenhayn took over from Moltke. In the final phase, however, there was a stroke of genius of a sort not yet seen, and probably impossible till then. It was that of a Belgian officer, Commandant Nuyten, who induced his superiors to let in the sea at Neuport and thus held up the enemy.

While the so-called race to the sea was in progress, Falkenhayn, as the historian points out, devoted nearly all the forces remaining at his disposal to the envelopment of Arras, the importance of which in relationship with Vimy Ridge had never been absent from his mind. The city was to remain in the hands of the Allies throughout the war, but the ridge was not to be secured—by the Canadian Corps—until early April, 1917. The virtual Commander-in-Chief soon realized, however, that he must cut down all secondary threats if he was to capture the important city of Lille, which he took after hard fighting.

Then came an inspired decision on the part of Joffre. He appointed Foch as his lieutenant to coordinate the operations in the north, which meant that he had a vague command of the British and Belgians. On the face of it this was a doubtful decision, but it worked to a great extent. At the end of December, when he could speak of the period covered by this book, he wrote to his sister-in-law, Madame Bienvenue, a letter containing a summary of his experiences. The British and French, he remarked, obeyed him when they had to. We may wind up, even if it is damnable literature," by saying that this book, though stiff reading, is well worth the study of Britons who have an adequate knowledge of French.

SURVIVOR'S HISTORY

LLEWELYN WOODWARD: *Great Britain and the War of 1914-1918*. 610pp. Methuen. £4 4s.

Few are better qualified to write the history of 1914-1918 than Sir Llewellyn Woodward. For one thing, he has the advantage of having worked as an official historian on a later period, though he does not in this case write as such. For another thing, he has the personal experience which, as has been shown again and again from the time of Thucydides, adds a priceless illumination to the writing of history. Many of his indispensable footnotes could only have been written from his own observation, never extracted from the official documents. The long introduction, too, is a kind of *recherche du temps perdu* which lends an unusual distinction to his work.

The personal character of the book reflects the personal reasons which led the author to write it. Although in form an orthodox and even conventional work of history, it is also an apology for the generation of Sir Llewellyn Woodward's youth. He explains his intention in terms of the only previous book on the First World War which seems to him adequate, Cruttwell's *History of the Great War*. His intention, he says, is both narrower and wider than Cruttwell's; narrower in the sense that he has concentrated on the British share; wider in the sense that he has included the domestic economy of Britain as well as the military operations.

But there is more to it than that. As the difference in the titles emphasizes, Cruttwell was writing before the advent of the Second World War had proved the Great War to be only the beginning, not the end of the story. Sir Llewellyn Woodward has the additional task of satisfying himself and his generation, against much

tragic evidence, that the First World War was not, after all, fought in vain. In his account of it he seems often to be almost thinking out loud about the tragedies of his youth and communing with those of his own generation who did not survive. He calls it not so much a history as a fair judgment.

It is a moving and generous book, as well as almost unfashionably patriotic. It emphasizes the accepted loyalties of its time. The Germans, with individual exceptions, are unsparingly condemned. Their determination to force a war upon France as well as Russia is heavily emphasized, as also is their unscrupulous evasion of the undoubted fact that it was the generals and not only the politicians who capitulated in 1918. Although the inadequacy of many senior British commanders is justly censured, the higher direction of the war on the British side comes out surprisingly well. Sir Edward Grey emerges almost unscathed; and both Lloyd George and Churchill seem to have their stature enhanced. The organization of the home front has never been so effectively presented in a work of this scale, and again, apart from a few well-known lapses, the story is by no means discreditable given the unexampled and unforeseeable magnitude of the war. Though not an original work of scholarship, either in research or presentation, this is popular history at the highest possible level.

In research, the author has been content to rely in the main on standard publications, and in some cases not on the most up-to-date authorities. Occasionally this leads him into questionable judgments, particularly on the campaigns in the Middle East. He attributes the failure to include

the Greeks in the Gallipoli enterprise to a Russian veto on any participation by them "in the Allied attack on Constantinople"; and he goes so far as to blame the veto for the eventual collapse of the Turkish regime. But even leaving aside the fact that the must also be recognized that the Greeks were already deeply divided on their attitude to the war, and it was improbable as early as 1915 that the will of Venizelos could have prevailed over the doubts of King Constantine. Hypothetical judgments on past events are rash enough in any case. The judgment that a successful campaign against the Turkish Straits would have saved Russia from revolution is not an easy one to accept even on Sir Llewellyn Woodward's authority. Fortunately it is a rare example.

In presentation he also follows tradition. Each theatre of war and each function of government in organizing the war effort is described successively in separate chapters. At few if any points is a synoptic view established of the whole vast struggle. Even the chronology sometimes becomes confusing. Some of the chapters on the administration of the national economy would have gained by being inserted earlier in the story, instead of relegated to a penultimate section, especially as these aspects of the war to which past historians have paid too little attention. But such relatively minor matters of personal judgment need to be set against the immense sweep of Sir Llewellyn Woodward's scholarship. Certainly he has replaced Cruttwell; and, almost as certainly, his work will never be replaced by any historian who himself endured the agony of the western front between 1914 and 1918.

GERMAN PEACE MOVES

ANDRÉ SCHERER and JACQUES GRUNEWALD (Editors): *L'Allemagne et les problèmes de la paix pendant la première guerre mondiale*. Documents extraits des archives de l'Office Allemand des Affaires Étrangères. Vol. I: Août 1914-31 janvier 1917. 1x, 719pp. Vol. II: 1er février 1917-7 novembre 1917. 579pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France. 35fr. each.

The question of who really started the First World War has been fought over with passion, and not merely by historians. But there is another question of equal importance which has hitherto been less minutely explored: could the war have been stopped by a compromise peace? Mr. George Kennan, for one, has severely censured Allied statesmen for not permitting Russia to conclude a separate peace in 1917, and thus (in his view) avert the Bolshevik seizure of power. More recently Professor Fritz Fischer's book *GRIß nach der Weltmacht* (reviewed in the *TLS* on May 4, 1962, and recently published in an English translation by Chatto and Windus) has provoked a storm of criticism by its analysis of German aims in terms little short of total domination. Detailed studies such as Professor Fischer's have only become possible since the full opening to research after the Second World War of the German diplomatic archives.

M. Scherer and M. Grunewald, two French historians who were able to work on these archives even before their return to West Germany, have selected and edited a collection of these documents dealing with German peace moves during the First World War, presenting the texts in their original languages. This important publication provides a most welcome addition to our knowledge of this controversial subject. For, though the story of the German peace moves has been known in broad outline for some time, without the official records, much has necessarily remained obscure.

What were the reasons for these German peace activities? By November, 1914, after the failure of the "knockout blow" against France, the Reich Chancellor, Bethmann Hollweg, and the Chief of the General Staff, Paul von Hindenburg, had come to believe that, as long as Russia, France, and England were united, peace with

impossible for us so to defeat our enemies as to obtain a decent peace". Some way must be found to split the Triple Entente. Falkenhayn thought that the first thing to seek for was a separate peace with Russia, for then "we would be able to defeat France and England so heavily that we could dictate the peace". Not that France should be refused if she herself sought for a separate peace, though she would need to pay a stiff price. "The question of Belgium need not be discussed at this time", he added ominously. That was something that "could only be solved after the overthrow of Britain", which he apparently regarded as "the one safe and sufficient guarantee against another war". Thus German diplomacy was launched, in support of the military aim, into a long series of peace moves, at first mainly aimed at Tsarist Russia. The soundings made through Danish intermediaries are some of the most interesting things in the first volume. But all such overtures failed because, as we learn from Bethmann, the Tsar could at no time be persuaded to break faith with his allies.

Besides attempting to woo the Tsar, German diplomacy was also engaged in another form of peace operations, namely, trying to get Russia out of the war by fomenting civil unrest and revolutionary movements. These subversive German activities have already been well documented, for instance, by Professor Werner Hahlweg in *Leipziger Beiträge nach Russland*, though M. Scherer and M. Grunewald add some details. By February, 1917, when the Russians made their revolution unaided, the formidable military Duumvirate of Hindenburg and Ludendorff was firmly in control of German policy, and we can now see what sort of peace terms possible emissaries from the new Russia would have got. A pressing personal appeal made by the Austrian Emperor Karl to the German Emperor, that peace with Russia

should be made quickly on the basis of the *status quo*, was brushed aside. Wilhelm II and his advisers believed they could afford to wait even after the High Command's latest version of the "knockout blow"—unrestricted submarine warfare—had clearly failed against Britain and peace offers had failed to keep the United States neutral.

The Emperor Karl, desperate as was his need for peace in 1917, seemed, like the Tsar, to have felt bound by fidelity to his allies and so have wanted a "legitimate" peace. After the famous peace talks conducted with the French by Prince Sixtus of Bourbon-Parma, the Austrian Emperor offered not only to give up all claims on Austria's province of Galicia, provided that Germany in return would give Alsace Lorraine back to France. That, however, the German Government would not consider doing, nor could they ever be induced to give a clear undertaking to free Belgium. This indecisive ruling out all possibilities of a compromise peace with France, Belgium and Britain.

Though the question of Russia dominates both these volumes, they provide much intriguing detail about peace moves in the West as well. In the second volume, for example, we find the German military urgently calling for experts on Africa, to try to find "some tempting bait for the French among British possessions as a substitute for Alsace Lorraine. Shadowy figures fit to be invoked, famous names are invoked. The editors are to be congratulated on the skill with which they identify so many cover names. Yet some puzzling have been behind Jodel, the German journalist who claimed to have had important contacts not only with the French but also in Britain and the Germans thought it worth while financing so handsomely? These may not be matters of political importance, they are, however, fascinating fields of speculation.

Political Theory

MARXIST METAPHYSICS

Z.A. JORDAN: *The Evolution of Dialectical Materialism*. 490pp. Macmillan. £3.

Yet another book on dialectical materialism? Can anything remain to be said? Not the least merit of Dr. Jordan's massive work is that it has new paths through this dense philosophical thicket. The *Evolution of Dialectical Materialism*, in fact, is distinguished for its originality as well as for its learning.

Everybody knows that Marx was a Marxist—the man said so himself. Dr. Jordan sets out to prove that he was no dialectical materialist either. As metaphysics, the doctrine was created rather casually by Engels, during the course of what he considered the necessary but distasteful task of rebutting the errors of the unforgettable but unreadable Herr Eugen Dühring. Although Engels presented the doctrine as a "scholarly" mind, his decisive influence was in transforming dialectical materialism into a "political cosmology" and "cosmological politics". Lenin and Stalin, who regarded philosophy primarily as a sophisticated political weapon, carried the process further, with the result that the doctrine now bears only a remote resemblance to that originally formulated by Engels and hardly any resemblance at all to the thought of Karl Marx. In a very thorough analysis of Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* and Stalin's *Dialectical and Historical Materialism*, Dr. Jordan stresses the former's predominantly instrumental and the latter's purely opportunist approach to the problems of philosophy. In Lenin he finds a worthy antagonist, but one would have thought that Stalin (whose philosophical and historical ignorance is so painfully evident) hardly merits the painstaking treatment that Dr. Jordan gives him.

Indeed, the long chapter on "Stalin's Socio-Cosmic Conception of the Universe" becomes decidedly tedious.

The "final outcome", writes Dr. Jordan, was "the absorption of philosophy and scientific knowledge by ideology". The only way back, he considers, is for dialectical materialism "to abandon its metaphysical claims and to transform itself into a methodological doctrine". Its status as "a view of the world based on scientific knowledge" could then be reconsidered. Although this conclusion is by no means novel, the process of reaching it gives Dr. Jordan plenty of opportunity to display not only his acumen as a philosopher but also his deep knowledge of the history of ideas in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He does this, moreover, in a style so admirably clear that even the reader whose knowledge of philosophy is rather elementary will have little difficulty in following the argument. Loss of patience is more likely to be the reader's affliction than failure of understanding; for Dr. Jordan is repetitious, sometimes almost intolerably so. With no loss to scholarship, he could have reduced this book to perhaps half its present length. But Eastern European scholars—Dr. Jordan is a Pole—rarely care to develop the art of concise expression, and the book is so good that one may readily forgive its author most—if not quite all—of his prolixity.

ALIENATION ANYONE?

RICH FROMM (Editor): *Socialist Humanism*. 427pp. Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. £2 10s.

According to the editor of this volume, humanism is "the belief in the unity of the human race and man's potential to perfect himself by his own efforts". When qualified by the adjective "socialist", it involves the additional belief that "theory cannot be separated from practice, knowledge from action, spiritual aims from the social system". In common with most of the contributors he has mobilized Dr. Fromm holds that the specifically socialist form of humanism was first propounded by Karl Marx. A discussion of these loosely formulated and controversial views might well occupy another symposium, equal in size to this one.

Be that as it may, the definition or redefinition of socialism's "humanistic" content has occupied the attention of a formidable body of scholars in recent years. With the downfall of Stalinism and the growing realization that "alliance" whether of the capitalist or communist variety, is no automatic answer to the problem of "alienation", the leftist ideologist has experienced a certain disorientation. This collection of writings records his tortured efforts to come to terms with mid-twentieth-century realities. As such it has much documentary value, and on other respects it is rather depressing.

Many of the articles are by Polish and Czech Marxists. They provide welcome evidence of the revival of serious discussion about Marxism in Eastern Europe and of the new, if still limited, freedom of inquiry which intellectuals of the People's Democracies—thanks largely to their own efforts—now enjoy. American readers, perhaps more than British, will be shown by a volume such as this that intellectuals in at least one of the communist countries are no longer the mere slaves of the latest official interpretation of the "primacy of Marxism-Leninism". Nevertheless, on the evidence of these essays, their new thoughts are still of rather low intrinsic quality. Although they can now be said to be creative thinkers, they are, however, still very much like the Marxists they remain. In terms either of A or of B. Here, consciously or unconsciously, the comparison is necessarily made in terms of Western society.

This is not to deny the usefulness of the work or the effort of the contributors.

mas by poring over the cryptic manuscripts produced—and then apparently discarded—by a young German in 1844, even though that young German may have had a uniquely powerful and original mind. That many Western intellectuals, not subject to the same constraints, should also imagine that such exegetical and hagiographical studies offer a path to enlightenment is perhaps even more alarming. Even so, if from these pages there emerged some clear definition of socialist humanism and some elucidation of its policy implications, the reader might feel that his efforts to grapple with such a quantity of repetitive philosophizing and sociologizing were worth while. But what emerges, for the most part, is a series of very general questions which, although important, are of a kind with which

most educated and sensitive people are now distressingly familiar. Moreover, these are posed most clearly and directly by writers, such as Norman Thomas, Richard Titmuss, Mahilde Niel, and Bertrand Russell, who rather pointedly refrain from invoking the sacred name; while the only contribution of any real originality, entitled "The Humanistic Ideals of the Enlightenment and Mathematical Economics", comes from a writer, Paul Medow, who expresses his indebtedness to that utterly un-Marxist savant, Karl Polanyi.

To get through this book without being overwhelmed by sheer boredom is not easy; before one is halfway through one feels tempted to scream at the very next mention of "alienation". In intention it is excellent; in realization, very disappointing.

SYSTEMATIC

C. D. KERNIG (Editor): *Sowjetssystem und Demokratische Gesellschaft. Eine vergleichende Enzyklopädie*. Band I: A-D. 1,275pp. Freiburg: Herder. DM.148.

This massive volume of more than 1,250 large two-column pages is the first of a comparative encyclopedia on Western and Soviet social and political systems, which it is intended also to publish in English. The chief editor, Dr. C. D. Kernig, has had a number of collaborators, mainly German and American, and each major subject covered has its German editor. The editor of a journal on international communism published under official auspices in Washington is named as American editor. The contributors to this first volume are drawn from several nationalities, mainly German, British and American. No scholar from the other side of the iron curtain appears in the list of contributors. The impossibility of such participation illustrates the cardinal difficulty of the undertaking. Any comparison between A and B, at anything but the most elementary level, has to be made in terms either of A or of B. Here, consciously or unconsciously, the comparison is necessarily made in terms of Western society.

This is not to deny the usefulness of the work or the effort of the contributors.

tributors to be fair and impartial. The greatest success is achieved in the less sensitive and controversial areas, e.g. Absolutism in the past or Foreign Trade in the present. Contributors sometimes differ in tone and approach. Most bibliographies are naturally stronger on the Western than on the Soviet side; some are thorough and valuable; others tend to be overloaded with recent publications of only transient interest.

No clear policy can be detected for articles about individuals. Bukharin and Khrushchev (Chruschev) are covered in this volume; and articles are promised on Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin. But there is nothing in this volume on Adenauer, Baldwin or Churchill, and no indication of future articles on Wilson, Lloyd George and Stresemann. Is this another of the problems of comparability? In spite of defects and ambiguities, however, the volume is full of learning and should be a valuable work of reference for advanced students; it is to be hoped that its successors will follow with reasonable promptitude.

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American Letters

MR. WILSON'S DIARIES

EDMUND WILSON: *A Prelude*. Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of my Life. 278pp. W. H. Allen, 30s. *Europe Without Baudelaire*. Sketches Among the Ruins of Italy, Greece and England, together with Notes from a European Diary, 1963-1964. 467pp. Rupert Hart-Davis, £2 5s.

DORIS GRUMBACH: *The Company She Kept*. Mary McCarthy: Herself and Her Writing. 218pp. Bodley Head, 30s.

At the age of seventy-two, Edmund Wilson must stand for us as very much the Grand Old Man of American letters. In a dense and substantial way he represents an American version of a figure—that kind of general intellectual who makes literature the centre of but not the whole of his humanism. In an age when criticism has become a kind of abstruse theology, polymath knowledge grown rare, and humanism itself come to seem a very shaky property such figures have an increased importance—an importance that comes from the capacity to inform particular events and occasions, in which Mr. Wilson has always dealt, with humanist ideals and insights, so that mind becomes a species of action.

We call him a literary critic, but he ranges much more widely. His works range from such remarkable literary-critical studies as *Art's Castle*, through expert analyses of American cultural and social temper, to drama, poetry and fiction like the still too little regarded novel *I Thought of Daisy*; and it is the way these interests consort and continue over a lifetime that makes him a representative and valuable case. Literature is, for him, continuous with life: he has said that he regards literature as "a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them". His stories and poems arise out of specifics and are usually treated as such; they are, for instance, simply planted in the general text of the two books under review. His encounters with writers (as with Silone in person, and Lampadusa through his writings, in *Europe Without Baudelaire*) are very much of a piece with his total encounter with experience. And literary and scholarly matters in turn consort fairly directly with the vein of yearning socialism that runs through his writing, emerging in a repeated desire for democratic excellence, reformed history, American hope and positivism, of suspicion of the institutions of the past and the powers that oppress.

In all this we may see, as we may in George Orwell, a grand attempt to make a cultivated bourgeois inheritance into a means of valuing the modern and hoping for the future. This is notoriously tricky country, and there are times when Edmund Wilson seems to miss some of the resulting crises. There is a sense in which humanism, cultivation in his sense, already seems historically placed, and placed by the democratic developments which he values. Not to see this is to be blind to certain essential structures in modern society, and there are times when Edmund Wilson does seem blind in this way. In both these books, for instance, Mr. Wilson seems to seek to transcend the environments he finds about him with some dream of a better world; but the hope is vague and almost mystical. The contradictions are sometimes faced less than squarely, and one cannot help feeling that if they were faced the logical consequence would be a profound disillusion or a deeper suffering. Mr. Wilson's answer seems to be essentially a short-term one; his way is to achieve a series of temporary resolutions by insisting on the odd, hoc nature of his writings. They are jottings, fragments, reports, notes on the way; by this means he has sustained an unwearied and undisturbed curiosity about the modern world; yet they are, in a sense, his fragments shorn against other people's ruins.

Now that his works are gradually being reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic in something like a uniform edition (even though in England they come from different publishers), the pattern and the adventure become more apparent. In addition, new works continue to appear; and it would seem of special significance that Mr. Wilson's newest venture is

the nearest thing he has come to autobiography, even though, in an odd sense, autobiography is dramatically avoided by the pattern of presentation he chooses. *A Prelude* is the first of a projected five or six-volume version of his journals, modernized with a present-day commentary. We might have expected to have been given the personal and familiar core and the development of his view of the world; in fact the impact is interestingly, yet disappointingly, sketchy.

A Prelude consists of jottings, observations, ideas and pieces of creative writing done between 1908, when he was thirteen, and 1919, when he returned to postwar New York after service in France and is found realizing that "I could never go back to the habits and standards of even the most cultivated elements of the world in which I had lived". But this observation occurs in the commentary with which Mr. Wilson has filled out the journal and other period material, and the two voices divide oddly—the book's final gesture towards socialist feeling and recantation of the past comes more from the commentary than from the actual jottings. The mood of these mixes a Paterian aestheticism and intellectual avidity with an air of general griggishness and distance in personal relations; in fact a body of patrician sentiment that only updates in feeling the inheritance that comes through from his background in the American gentry.

It is here, it would seem, that his humanism really starts. He accepts the achieved end of American Calvinism, the pressures of science and new thought and new writing; but otherwise there is an odd, if finally fortunate, lack of self-realization in relation to history. It is this that distinguishes these scraps of conversations, epigrams, moments of insight, poems, landscape sketches and memoirs from Fitzgerald's notes in *The Crack-Up*, to which otherwise they bear a close family (or Princetonian) resemblance. In two short stories—"The Death of a Soldier" and "Lieutenant Franklin"—the powers pass well beyond affectation or griggishness into creative shape; otherwise these dense recreations of a period and of that "brilliant" tone which these heirs to the patriciate manage to continue at prep-school and Princeton, are given with only an occasional undercurrent of tension.

The same sort of need to scant an inheritance which considerably shaped him comes out in Mr. Wilson's notoriously ambiguous dealings with Europe, which he visits three times during *A Prelude* and twice in the new edition of *Europe Without Baudelaire*. All the visits fall at strategic times. At the age of thirteen the young Wilson travelled through Italy, Germany and (briefly) England with his family, keeping the record in a glibly but highly able diary of "My Trip Abroad" to be presented to a close friend of his own age. *A Prelude* begins with this, notes a short trip taken to England in 1914 at the end of his sophomore year at Princeton, and closes with his return from Europe after serving there between 1917 and 1919 with the American forces, briefly in England, mostly in France. Here the record is his journal, a few poems, the two striking stories.

Then, in 1945, in the period of post-war collapse, he visited England, Italy and Greece, keeping his journal record in more finished form for the *New Yorker*; and in 1963-64 he visited Paris, Rome and Budapest (this last a particularly interesting episode) for the same magazine. The extended *Europe Without Baudelaire* now carries both reports, and a new preface, in which Mr. Wilson points out the bad reception the book had on its first English publication in 1947, which he compares to the reception of Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*. The comparison in fact runs deeper. Like Hawthorne, he is

obsessed with the idea of Europe as a place of ruins, perhaps picturesque, quaint and civilized, but lacking in the prime reality conferred by the American present. The remains of the classical past irritate; but even more annoying are those remnants of traditionalism, social egotism and social privilege that survive, particularly among the English, as forms of virtue. The mood is qualified in other visits, but in 1945 it emerges as a persistent nigging resentment and even as a patronizing superiority. "My attention," he says, "is always on other things: on the phenomena of Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, Russian civilization that is taking over the world"—on, in a sense, the communists or egalitarian democratic future. In one passage in the book he praises Malraux for "a seriousness, an undulled perspicacity, about the large problems of human destiny, which has become the rarest thing in the world". There can be no doubt he shares the virtue he praises, and yet one stumbles over the odd blindnesses, the momentary lack of search into new detail; acute analysis of cultural texture, as when he notes the ways in which Europeans condemn America while taking in the worst features of Americanization, or the deep dependence of English writers of the time on their public schools—and appreciation of civilization and mind modulate into unexpected indignations; *Europe Without Baudelaire* is a period report not only on lost hopes and possibilities but on a not totally worked out phase in his mental career.

One thing Edmund Wilson and Mary McCarthy have in common apart from having been married to each other this third marriage, her

second) is this crucial instinct for creation through autobiography—Doris Grumbach's ominously titled book, devoted to Miss McCarthy's life and writings and the links between the two, is based on this way into her work. "In the case of Mary McCarthy," she urges, "there is only a faint line between what really happened to her, the people she knew and knows, including herself, and the problems of the book, which is spidery written and often critically sharp, it that it never fully succeeds in dramatizing the complex interactions that go into such a process; it is likely to end up as required reading for gossips."

The treatment of Edmund Wilson is a useful case in point; Miss Grumbach paraphrases Mary McCarthy's not irrelevant judgment that Mr. Wilson was dominating in his views, so that anything that came under his hand was shaped into an "authorized version"; she scrutinizes the failed marriage and reports the famous story of Mr. Wilson shouting his new wife into a room and making her write fiction; and traces some of the tracks between Mr. Wilson and various McCarthy characters, including Miles Murphy in *A Charming Life*. Yet it is not so much the shrew as the sharp analyst of the follies of unearned liberalism that interests us in Mary McCarthy; the best of her work, like the best of her former husband's, uses personal autobiography as a way of perceiving and interpreting a culture, and it is this side of art that *The Company She Kept* fails to establish at proper depth.

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The London School of Linguistics: A Study of the Linguistic Theories of B. Malinowski and J. R. Firth by D. Trenchard Langendoen. A detailed historical and critical account of the development of a descriptive school of linguistics in Great Britain under Bronislaw Malinowski and John Rupert Firth which expounds the phonological and semantic theories of Firth and of those linguists who came under his influence, indirectly this book promotes the "generative phonology" theory of Morris Halle and Noam Chomsky by showing how problems of phonological theory which cannot be handled within the Firthian framework can be handled by generative phonology. 47s.

French Phonology and Morphology by Sanford A. Schane. The first study in which the principles of generative phonology are applied to French. The authors furnish a description of French phonology and morphology that accounts for the phonological alternations occurring in morphologically related forms. Three major areas are treated in detail: consonant and vowel system, and stress.

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THE NEW LANGUAGE STUDIES

Literature

MORE HELLS THAN HEAVENS

LESLIE HANCOCK: *Word Index to James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist*. Illinois University Press, London: Fetter and Simons. £2 16s.

VIRGINIA MOSELEY: *Joyce and the Bible*. 180pp. De Kalb: Northern Illinois University Press. \$6.50.

CIESTER G. ANDERSON: *James Joyce and his World*. 144pp. Thames and Hudson, 30s.

Readers of Joyce who become irritated by Stephen Dedalus's *fin de siècle* languor will perhaps be surprised to find that the word *wenny* occurs only twenty-two times in *A Portrait*. There is more than twice as much *hell* as *heaven*, which was to be expected: seventy-three to thirty-one. There are fifty-two *loves* and only eight *lusts*—another surprise. *God* and *father* are in the same league—197 and 152—and they overwhelm *mother* (sixty-eight) and *Virgin* and *Mary* (twenty-four between them). *Sin*, expectedly, does very well—ninety-six—but there are only seven *repentances* and sixteen *repents*. *Soul* stands between *God* and *father*—172—but *body* is outclassed (fifty-seven), even when helped out with *flesh* (twenty-two). *Small* (thirty-three) easily beats *slight* (seventeen), *taste* (three) and even *hearing* (thirteen), though *hear* and *heard* achieve 142 appearances between them. This is a fascinating game, and one could lose money heavily on bets. It has been made possible by the University of Miami Computing Center. The machine itself compiled the word-index in about three hours. The data processing took about 500 man hours, but, as Mr. Hancock points out, its skills had to be learnt first. Next time this job is done, a stenographer and a programmer will need "no more than one man-day all told".

The value of word indexes of this kind is self-evident. When *Ulysses* is fed into the computer, no critic will be able to say, as one did once: "It is remarkable that the name 'Ulysses' never occurs in the text of *Ulysses*." To gain some idea of the size of the vocabulary of the most word-obsessed author of the century is a reasonable end in itself. But one wonders at the value of counting the synecdochisms—the colourless structural words like *a* and *it* and *his* and *the*.

Joyce, though, is the one author in whom synecdochisms tend to be exalted. The last word of the text

of *Finnegans Wake* is the (one cannot say it is the last word of the composition, since the composition is circular). Virginia Moseley might well have toyed with the semantic aura suggested by *theos*: "the" indubitably connotes God the Father; the eliminated *os* (bone) implies the Incarnation, inappropriate in the context of Anna Livia's flowing back to the paternal bosom." She doesn't say that, but she might have done. Discussing *The Dead*, she makes the point Lily reserve "for Gabriel three potatoes covered in a white napkin" for a specifically religious purpose, "white" and "three" being reminders of the white napkin of Christ's grave clothes and his three days of burial, since part of the potato grows underground." And if Gabriel eats no sweet at the meal, that is because he is in Purgatory.

So many of the theological connotations imposed on Joyce have a measure of plausibility in them: a writer so soaked in the liturgy (the aim of her book is to show him writing wet) cannot easily divest key-words of the sacramental. And so Gabriel may profitably be taken as the mild archangel, in opposition to the fiercer Michael (Gretta's dead lover) who is also Furey. But Professor Moseley might have qualified a statement like "His whole name, Gabriel Conroy, implies he is a heavenly being of first rank and a king" with a reminder that Joyce took the whole name from a story by Bret Hartle—an intrinsic acknowledgment of the service that Hartle did him in suggesting the symbolism of snow.

For the most part, however, Professor Moseley does not have to work hard at disclosing the biblical elements in Joyce's books (not as hard, anyway, as Mrs. Adeline Glasheen must work to prove that *Finnegans Wake* is really about Nelson Shakespeare). The Old Testament is the common ground on which Bloom the Jew and Stephen the jejune Jesuit can meet. The dream

of man's fall and resurrection may, in a far distant age, be admitted to the biblical Apocrypha. Earwicker is Christ and his sons the two thieves; Anna Livia's letter is the *Time* page of the Book of Kells. There is room for a far bigger thesis than Professor Moseley gives us. One value of this book is, strangely, of the kind that the Miami computer might well provide: a breakdown of references to the Douay and King James translations. That Joyce was a Bible man we always knew; that he was almost a Bible-thumper is something we now learn. The municipal proscribers of the *Ulysses* film might profitably receive an advertisement of this book. Joyce as a holy man—like Lord Soper or the Maharishi: watch committees would certainly think again.

Professor Anderson's pictorial biography best discloses its charm when seen in the context of the Thames and Hudson companion volumes. Joyce joins Dickens, Hugo, Shakespeare, and Wilde as a subject for a popular picture-book. The text is a mere wraith when compared with Gorman and Ellmann, but it has a few new points to make and it makes them piquantly. The pictures give us the photographs of Joyce, friends and family that we already know well, and there are Parnell cartoons not so well known. The Dublin scenes are pleasant, but the temptation to deal in charades is not easily resisted. Joyce wrote

Shite and oalons! Do you think I'll print
The name of the Wellington Monument,
Sydney Parade and Sandymount tram,
Downes's cakeshop and Williams's Jam?

The illustrations at once, like a television documentary, flash out with Downes and Son and that dreary monolith that has not followed Nelson's Column. We are spared the other two Dublin properties and the two comestibles, but, we feel, only just.

RELUCTANT IDEOLOGIST?

DAVID L. SCHALK: *Roger Martin du Gard: The Novelist and History*. 257pp. Cornell University Press. £2 14s.

To readers quite unfamiliar with the work of Martin du Gard, Dr. Schalk's book can be recommended as a useful and informative introduction. It provides a very full synopsis of Martin du Gard's major novels together with a judicious selection of critical comments from the work of other scholars, all generously acknowledged in the footnotes. It also includes a comprehensive and up-to-date bibliography with particularly helpful sections on Martin du Gard's review articles and published correspondence.

The specialist reader, on the other hand, will find little in Dr. Schalk's book that has not already been more incisively said by such critics as Clément Borgal, Denis Boak or Victor Brombert. He is likely to be nonplussed more often than not by Dr. Schalk's critical assertions of which the following is a typical example: "Jacques Thibault's suicide flight is the ultimate confrontation of the privileged hero with the realities of twentieth-century history, as the last nineteenth-century act in a major work of French literature, and as the last possible of such acts." (In the light of this remark, one wonders whether Dr. Schalk has ever have studied *La Condition humaine* or *L'Espoir*.)

This is a book, in fact, which quite signally fails to substantiate the claims made for it on the dust-jacket. This holds out the hope of a full analysis of the special problems of the historical novelist conducted at a sophisticated level by an American professor; what is, in fact, provided is a discussion as trite as an average undergraduate essay and so superficial as to omit even a passing reference to Tolstoy. It purports to throw

fresh light on the dramatic change in Martin du Gard's literary plans in 1931 when, after being seriously injured in a car crash, he scrapped his carefully elaborated plans of *Les Thibault* and painfully constructed an entirely new *dénoûment*; in the event Dr. Schalk propounds a hypothesis which is as tendentious as it is specious.

His "explanation" is that in the course of the 1920s Martin du Gard became "profoundly influenced by the momentous events of his time", that he thereby acquired an "historical consciousness" and that inner compulsion then drove him to integrate contemporary history into his fiction. To subscribe to such a theory is to assume that the years Martin du Gard spent studying historiography at l'Ecole des Chartes left no impression on his literary preoccupations, that the chief interest of *Jean Barois* is not the way it charts the intellectual cross-currents of its age but the private drama of Barois himself, and that, as Dr. Schalk maintains, "the integration of history and ideology into Martin du Gard's novels went against his most basic predilections." All the evidence available seems to indicate quite a different conclusion—namely, that any of Martin du Gard's literary programmes which ignored the historian in him could never be satisfactorily carried through. This was as true of the decade before the First World War as of the decade after the Second.

Dr. Schalk's questionable critical assumptions rest on the statements Martin du Gard made about his literary motives either in the *Souvenirs autobiographiques*, included as a preface to the *Pilade* edition of the *Oeuvres complètes*, or in the letters

to his friends in the homage number of the *N.R.F.*, published soon after his death. It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Schalk, as it surely should have done, that Martin du Gard was more often than not mistaken in his own self-analyses. His literary career is strewn with a quite remarkable number of false starts and abrupt changes of direction: *La Chrysalide*, *Une Vie de Saint*, and *Marisa* were all begun then abandoned at the start of his career, *L'Appareillage* was destroyed in 1931 after nearly two years' work, the writing of *Le Journal du Colonel Maumori* occupied the last seventeen years of his life, and it was still far from complete when he died. This succession of chronic failures, coupled with the fact that the leading characters in his major works all insist on the difficulties of acquiring self-knowledge, suggest that Martin du Gard's diagnoses of his own artistic strengths and weaknesses must always be treated with considerable caution. He provided the most appropriate epigraph to his own literary career when he wrote in 1918: "On ne saurait trop se méfier de son bovarysme", words that Dr. Schalk would have done well to ponder when he embarked on this expensive and disappointing study.

By way of homage to Albertine Sarrazin, the young French novelist who died in July this year, Jean-Jacques Pauvert have reissued three novels, *L'Astragale*, *La Cavale* (T.S. February 3, 1966) and *La Traversière* (T.S. January 12, 1967), in a single beautifully-produced volume (47.80fr.). Also included are fifty pages of letters and a number of poems. There is a moving introduction by the novelist Hervé Bazin.

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CASSELL

Biography

THE METAMORPHOSES OF A MERLIN

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER: *T. H. White*. 352pp. Cope and Chatto and Windus. £2 5s.

I somehow started writing a book. It is not a satire. . . . It seems impossible to determine whether it is for grown-ups or children. It is more or less a kind of wish-fulfillment of the things I should like to have happened to me when I was a boy.

In these words, from a letter to his former Cambridge tutor, T. H. White summed up both the weakness and the charm of *The Sword in the Stone* and the weakness and the consolations of his own character. For in many ways he resembled the Merlin of his story—deliberately unconventional, resourceful, full of out-of-the-way knowledge and always ready to turn his readers into a bird or a fish for the benefit of their education. It was his boast that he was good at anything he chose to tackle. He could shoot (with bow and arrow as well as with gun), fish, ride, swim, fly a falcon, sail a boat, pilot an aeroplane, drive a fast car, play darts, mix concrete and paint in oils. He seems to have been about equally proud of all these accomplishments. When he went to Cambridge, as he himself says, he "had to get a first-class honours with distinction"; when he taught at Stowe, he was obviously thoroughly effective; when he wrote, he wrote, at his best, with virtuosity and ease. "White collected techniques," says Miss Townsend Warner in her biography. "It was part of his theory about the Renaissance or polytechnic man who could shoot and get a hare in the morning, fell a tree in the afternoon and write a sonnet in the evening."

Yet behind all this bravura there was a sense of insecurity, even a repressed fear of failure. T. H. White was born in India, a child of a disastrous and unhappy marriage. "I am told," he says, "that my father and mother were to be found wrestling with a pistol, one on either side of my cot, each claiming that he or she was going to shoot the other

and himself or herself, but in any case beginning with me. The story, in its odd way, may be yet another of his wish-fulfillments, for the reality was even more painful. When his parents separated he found himself in the charge of a mother who alternately wooed him to love and hate and repelled him with ridicule. "Any way, she managed to bitch up my loving women," says White, and to take from him almost all hope of a lasting and satisfactory relationship with any human being at all.

It is not certain, from these pages, whether or not White practised the homosexuality which he frankly acknowledged just as he acknowledged the sadism which coloured his fantasies. What is certain is that his attitude to his own condition was essentially a moral one, though he liked to pretend that it was not. Even in his last years, when he was driven into near-hysterical misery for love of an adolescent boy, he was concerned, before all else, to make sure that the boy came to no harm.

In any case, on every score of his happiness, not my safety, the whole situation is an impossible one. All I can do is to behave like a gentleman. It has been my hideous fate to be born with an infinite capacity for love and joy with no hope of using them. The one living creature, in fact, he could love without reservation was his red setter bitch, and the real agony of mind that he went through when the dog died makes bearable what, in any other story, would have been an episode of appalling mawkishness.

In early manhood the self-pity, the bitterness, the bad temper, the drunkenness were, on the whole, kept under control, and White was able to hack his life into a kind of purpose. There were always salmon to be killed, ducks to be shot, hawks to be trained, new fantasies to be learnt, new fantasies to be invented

and written down. But in later years, when his physique and his imagination were both deteriorating, he became a huge, lumbering, pathetic, run-down Silenus.

He was living, at that time, in Alderney in the Channel Islands, with more money, from the royalties on *Camelot*, than he knew what to do with. He opened his house to the deaf, dumb and blind; he made huge subscriptions to the N.S.P.C.C.;

he tortured himself with unattainable loves. All his life he had been the kind of writer described by his friends as "far more remarkable than anything he wrote"; now he became, as his biographer says, "remarkable for being remarkable". In 1963 he set off on the inevitable suicidal lecture tour of the United States, and died on board ship on the return journey.

Miss Townsend Warner has the

great advantage, for her present task of having not met White, so that she writes without the tension which almost always rose in his friendships. Her book is understanding, sympathetic, shrewd, stringent and extremely well managed. It seems ironically fitting that the hideous fate, which White thought was always against him, should have been so kind in the end in the choice of his biographer.

OH, THE UNWORTHY LORD!

HENRY BLYTH: *Old Q, The Rake of Piccadilly*. 238pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 2s.

The world, no doubt, is fascinated by the extreme case. William Douglas, the fourth Duke of Queensberry, was an utterly self-centred materialist who, since he happened also to be highly sexed, became one of the most notorious fornicators of all time. He was very rich, as cunning as a monkey where his own interests were concerned, would bet on anything if he thought the odds were in his favour, was not above cheating, and was—somewhat in the Falstaffian manner—no hero. He lived for eighty-five years without a thought for anyone but himself; never married and was probably never even in love; and he grievously upset third Marchioness of Hertford. All this, as far as it goes, is well related by Mr. Blyth, who has an easy and

what, however, takes his book out of the general run of such productions intended for common circulation is the fact that in it appear the four-letter words which the new permissiveness now renders it possible to print.

The most striking consequence of this new freedom is that here, for the first time on record, is printed a summary and some of the verses of John Wilkes's notorious "Essay on

provement on those of his almost-contemporary, de Sade. He was likewise fastidious in his behaviour, did not talk dirty stories, saw no need to talk like a bargee to establish his virility.

His life story necessarily involves the lives of others. His best friend was that curious mortal, George Selwyn, with his compulsive interest in executions, death and torture. His career also touched at various points those of John Wilkes, "Jemmy Twit-cher", Sandwich, and Sir Francis Dashwood of Medmenham. His one acknowledged natural child was the horrible Mie-Mie who became the third Marchioness of Hertford. All this, as far as it goes, is well related by Mr. Blyth, who has an easy and

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Women", which occasioned his outlawry. It is disappointingly school-boyish stuff, apparently only ninety-four lines in all, closely parodying Pope's "Essay on Man" and designed for the most part for the discomfiture of Bishop Warburton.

Though Mr. Blyth tells his story with the utmost assurance, he does not seem to have dug very deeply into his primary sources. The text case here is his account of Sir Francis Dashwood and the "monks" of Medmenham. He lists in his bibliography the book on Dashwood published this year by Miss Betty Kemp, but he does not seem to have read it, for what Miss Kemp says, in effect, is that almost all the goings-on alleged to have taken place at Medmenham were fictitious, political "smears" originated by Wilkes and Charles Churchill and based, above all, on the details set forth at great length in Charles Johnston's novel *Chivalry*. Whether Miss Kemp or Mr. Blyth is right, Mr. Blyth's bland ignorance of Miss Kemp's findings is somewhat excessive and lends weight to the view that his book is not so much straight (even if popular) biography as a jolly romp.

DEAR BOYS AND GALS

MARION COLE: *Foggy. The Life of Elsie Fogarty*. With a foreword by Sir Laurence Olivier. 229pp. Puffin. 2s. 6d.WILLIAM REDFIELD: *Letters from an Actor*. 243pp. Cassell. 30s.

English actors are now exported with the success of Scottish cattle or Irish horses. Our poets read aloud at the drop of a faculty hat, their recitals spread from the campus to the pub. It is good to be reminded that over fifty years ago Elsie Fogarty was campaigning for a National Theatre, prodding Stratford towards its present status, and bullying poets into festivals of the spoken word.

This extraordinary woman founded and dominated throughout her life The Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art. She was the fierce, affectionate and slightly batty great-aunt of the subsidized theatre we have today. She mothered dames with first-night nerves and knights who lost their voices. She found time to run courses for curates and start the first clinics for speech therapy. She would hurry from exhausting hours with a harlequin child to argue with Shaw about *Back to Methuselah*.

Marion Cole's book is more of a memorial service than a memoir. It is skilfully put together from an unfinished autobiography left by Miss Fogarty and a number of tributes from those who knew her. Showered with girlish exclamation marks and quotations from Binyon, Massfield, Flecker and Sassoon, it is as defiantly of its period as those gas-lit rooms in the Albert Hall where the Central School began.

The perfect manners of subject and author make questions seem in bad taste. "But Foggy taught speech at Roedean for thirty years; she must really take some of the blame for that amplified drawl that once called 'Boy!' to blacks and now rings across ski-slopes in a thousand inferior echoes of Dame Sybil Throckmole. She worked all her life to produce a standard voice; but did

she produce the right voice? She hated American speech. What would she have thought of the poetry reading of Ginsberg? Or the voices of Orson Welles?

One omission tantalizes. The book credits her with much original research into Greek drama and dance. Did she never see Isadora Duncan? "One would like to know her opinion of that other weighty lady. Both might have met their match on an evening in 1918 when Foggy, typically, produced the first Japanese Nô play to be done in England. It was translated by Marie Stopes.

Mr. Redfield played Guildenstern in Sir John Gielgud's production of Richard III at the Old Vic in New York. He heard the bar gossip and the dressing-room rumours; he smelt the fear. His accuracy is sometimes cruel. He shows us a Gielgud without make-up.

Whenever the spirit moves him, he leaps from his chair crying, "Nonono, nonono, dear boy! Much fastab! . . . and proceeds to get his ass off. . . . His complexion reddens, his knuckles go white; he stands on pigeon's toes; he is tense, excited, stimulated—his brow shows deep creases as though he were like a thunderclap, the speech is over and his actors stand about him silent and breathless. He brushes at his eyes, turns away from us, and resumes his seat. Sometimes he says nothing more. Sometimes he blows his nose and murmurs, "Try it that way, dear boy."

We are shown the panic that overtakes a cast when confidence is lost. We eavesdrop in the backstage corridors—and find our respect and sympathy increasingly turning to the man who sits alone in the empty stalls. Did Sir John know that one of the cast was tape-recording everything he said, and that he was to be the subject of a book?

notes to post into theatrical history? Can any artist give of his best under such vulgaristic observation? All the rather tiresome generalizations and well-told anecdotes that pad these pages cannot quite muffle its bare subject: a great man, far from home, trying to pass on a tradition that comes to pieces in his hands.

Between these two books there is a melancholy contrast. From the first we remember a splendid old lady who said her prayers and lived alone and was given a C.B.E. and not much else. Just back from some wearisome journey through fog and bombs she would munch a cheese sandwich from her handbag and pour out energy as if the whole of Arts Council were under her rider's lash. In the second book we are flattered by being taken through the stage door of show business. We swap stories with the Burtons in the guarded suite; we are told what Elizabeth Taylor only drinks champagne and what Mrs. Redfield wrote for the first night. The writing is glib and flashy as the world it describes.

One book holds the epilogue to the other. Here is Richard Burton, as reported by Mr. Redfield: "I grew up on Gielgud. . . . But his singing approach to the verse was a melodious voice. I think. He was a fashionable actor. I think. He was a better than anyone alive, but it's a shame that in the world to do it, you shut your mind to anything else. . . . I don't think audiences want that sort of business any more. . . . They take it, you, at any rate. They take it, Gielgud because he's an older singer. . . . But it's out for the rest of us."

Sir John was coached by Mr. Fogarty. He could never get the sound of a bill.

Zygon

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TRAVELLER UNLIMITED

FRANCIS CHICHESTER: *Gipsy Moth Circles the World*. 269pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

To begin with a truism, Sir Francis Chichester is a most remarkable man. He is as quick to reef off sea miles as to reef off words to chronicle them. He managed to write nearly 1,000 words per sailing day of his voyage, and less than six months after stepping ashore at Plymouth he publishes a book describing his single-handed circumnavigation. It might have been a better one if he had given himself more time to decide for whom he was writing it, though there is no doubt that an enormous number of people, both those who know the difference between a trysail and a gennoa and those who don't, will at least try to read it. Too often he disappears from the toiling common reader in a cloud of yachting jargon at critical moments. It is nice to know in great detail what he took along to eat, but a glossary of technical terms to help in following what he did would have been more satisfying. However, he wrote his book—or got it written—as he apparently does everything else, to please himself. Those who search these often highly technical pages to discover what manner of man is behind them and why he did what he did may come away with a double image. They will find Francis Chichester Limited, the business man, and Francis Chichester Unlimited, the dreamer who would always go it alone.

There is too much displeasure in his opening chapters, even allowing for the grumpiness of an old man with a damaged leg who found financial and other difficulties piling up against his timetable. He blames the designer of Gipsy Moth IV for not giving him a more easily sailable boat. But in fact the scientific design of ocean-going yachts is still in its infancy. It is many times more difficult to design a Gipsy Moth IV than it was to design the Gipsy Moth aeroplane on which Sir Francis acquired his taste for breaking single-handed records, and this is simply because a yacht moves in response to two very complex systems of forces, wind and water, while an aeroplane has only air forces to contend with. To ask Gipsy Moth IV to sail easily through the Roaring Forties and the oceanic bottleneck south of the Horn under one pair of hands was to make an almost impossible demand.

Sir Francis's central problem was that of sleep. His yacht had to keep sailing unattended through some hours of the night, and so its self-steering gear about whose shortcomings we hear so much (without being shown a sketch of how it was supposed to work) was a vital part of his equipment. At best it could only be a palliative; in fact it collapsed before Australia was reached, and only Sir Francis's genius for improvisation enabled him to rig up a

substitute allowing him to limp past the easy landfall of Melbourne to his chosen but much more difficult approach to Sydney.

At Sydney, sailors who had won past the embattled Horn in crewed ships tried to persuade the strained old man not to go on. He had just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday sitting splendidly alone on a halcyon day in the Indian Ocean. He hardly heard them. He fixed his sailing date and with extraordinary recklessness kept it with a hurricane waiting for him in the stormy approaches to the Tasman Sea. The almost expected happened. Two nights out Gipsy Moth IV, adrift under bare poles, capsized and righted herself. His cabin was a shambles of his carefully packed stores and gear, but her rigging and all but one sail were intact. Gipsy well; he longed to put back to Sydney but he would not; he refused to let himself be crippled by a crippling overload of do-it-yourself, but his only way to restore his confidence was to do it. It took him many days to make his yacht—and his own spirits—shipshape enough to face what the Horn might do to him. When he got there he took a calculated risk in sailing narrowly at night between two groups of off-shore islands:

If my navigation was all right, I should now be passing 18 miles south of the Huelofson Islands, and at dawn I should be passing 12 miles north of the Diego Ramirez group. It was so dark that I did not think it worth keeping a watch,

so I set the off-course alarm to warn me if there was a big wind shift and I also set an alarm clock to wake me at daybreak. Then I put my trust in my navigation and turned in for a sleep. For a while I lay in the dark with the boat rushing into black night. . . . What would it be like if she hit? Would she crack with a stunning shock and start smashing against the rocks in the breakers? If I could reach the life-raft amidships could I get it united in the dark, then find the cylinder to inflate it? In the end I slept, and soundly too.

Dawn showed that his navigation was all right. The worst was over. He was almost past the Horn.

Mr. J. R. L. Anderson, who helped to put this book together, writes an epilogue which, besides codifying the records set up by this voyage, pulls out all the popular stops to express the pride which led thousands to Plymouth Hoe to see their hero safely home. There is also a chapter, much more quietly written and possibly much more significant, in which Lady Chichester conveys her abiding certainty that he would get through. He could hardly have done so without her practical help. But she writes of a less mundane power, of "prayer cards for Francis" which she began in a small way and which, she believes, expanded enormously:

This "circle" must have grown in a fantastic manner, because by the time Francis came home to Plymouth, I think undoubtedly that there were millions of people praying for him. Many were children, and many more were in religious groups and communities.

MATING WITH DEATH

WILLIAM WILLIS: *The Hundred Lives of an Ancient Mariner*. An Autobiography. 190pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Mr. Willis's remarkably healthy body (in 1919 it was runner-up to Charles Atlas as the best developed one in the United States) has in the course of seventy years taken a fearful beating from its directing mind. Mr. Willis has indeed borne 100 charmed lives, each with its climax of what for most of us would have been certain death. He courts danger like a frantic lover pursuing an elusive sweetheart, his mating dances become more and more fantastic until his latest antic—an attempt to cross the Atlantic in a craft not much bigger than Winkie Blinkie and Nod's wooden shoe.

Like the Ancient Mariner he has incredible tales to tell. But, though they are certainly true enough, we find ourselves, like the Wedding Guest, sated with his heroic achievement and herculean labour of his self-imposed trials. His book, none

the less, is well worth reading for his recollections of his apprenticeship in the baroque Henriette of ill-repute. He sets them down with a descriptive power, with an instinct for significant detail and with an exultant resignation to hardship and danger that will earn his book a lodging on the library shelves of vicarious Cape-Horners. There follow some abridged and twice told tales of his adventures ashore and afloat. The last chapters tell of his challenge to the Atlantic that was almost an irreverent "impertinence. Small wonder that the elements with a puff of impatience and a surging shrug of contempt threw him ashore again as unworthy of oceanic presumption. We are left with the impression that this indomitable seaman will soon be mortifying his long-suffering flesh for the hundred-and-first time.

UPWARDS TO THE POLE

JOHN EDWARD WEEMS: *Peary: the Explorer and the Man*. 362pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 5s.

Peary was a man who could not bear to live in the shadow of those more eminent than himself. He was a climber who had to get to the top of whatever ladder he chose. He chose to make for the top of the earth, and is usually considered to have been the first to reach the North Pole in 1909. Such naked egotism sometimes leaves its own unpublished record. Peary was an indefatigable diary, a hoarder of the words that he and everyone else wrote about himself and his career. The mass of papers thus accumulated were looked up by his family after his death in 1920. This was bad for his previous biographers but good for Mr. Weems, who is the first to have free access to "62 large cartons of paper" and the devoted assistance of Peary's daughter.

The result is a friendly, wise, perceptive book, that occasionally illuminates the Peary story without changing the chill of its outline. Peary could not have done what he did without an iron physical constitution, but Mr. Weems supplies clear evidence of equally tough mental power in a memorandum written in

1885 before his apprentice explorations of North Greenland. This gives a preview of the sort of strategy which alone could lead him through Smith Sound to the Pole. He would lead a party with no more than two white companions; they would lean heavily on Eskimos, living off the land; they would mix with Eskimo women; it would be a very long job, but it would be the only way to live in the north.

It was twenty-four years before this vision of a young naval engineer, who had already antagonized the naval establishment by his arrogance and bitter self-confidence, was made to come true. On his way back from the Pole a confession he had made to his mother was at last fulfilled: "I don't want to live and die without accomplishing anything or without being known beyond a narrow circle of friends. I would like to acquire a name that would be an 'open sesame' to where a name that would make my

mother proud and which would make me feel I was the peer of anyone I might meet.

Now he could think of public recognition: . . . monument for mausoleum? Faced with marble or granite, statue with flag on top, 'Hottel' room at base for two aeroplane? Bronze figure? Eskimo dog, bear, musk ox, walrus, etc., etc. Or bronze table of flag on North Pole and suitable inscription. Best?

These day-dreams faded when he reached civilization to find that the friendly, easy-going Frederick Cook had forestalled him with a prior claim. He knew that Cook was a fraud. But the great American public, whom he had often stooped to conquer, preferred Cook's word to that of a man who had raised himself a host of enemies. Peter Freuchen's cruel comment stabbed home: "Cook is a liar and a gentleman; Peary is neither." The man who was neither had to endure two humiliating years of political manoeuvre before his claim, which had long been accepted by experts, was ratified by Congress.

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A survey of domestic decoration since 1951

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Batsford

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Ruth Zechlin. 42s

An invaluable source book on the history of the development of English costume and cutting covering nearly ten centuries. It is divided into 56 sections, each consisting of a full-page drawing of a man and woman wearing the typical attire of the upper middle classes of the period. A dressmaker's pattern drawn to scale and a descriptive text accompanies each drawing, making this a most important addition to any library of the history of fashion or to anyone concerned with costume design for the theatre.

A new and enlarged edition of the most comprehensive and well-established craft and needlework handbook. More than 1200 illustrations and an accompanying text illustrate perfectly the several stages involved in each craft.

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Fritz Rörig. 37s 6d

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J. C. G. Röhl. 63s

The crisis of government following the dismissal of Bismarck in 1890, its causes, course, and solution, is the subject of an important new study by J. C. G. Röhl whose extensive researches in East and West German archives have made possible the first detailed study of what went on behind the political scenes in this decisive but neglected decade of German history.

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D. P. Kirby. 45s

The author has made use of the widest possible range of source materials, including surviving written records, place-names and archaeology; to make possible a new understanding of the Dark Ages—the very important formative period from the end of Roman Britain to the coming of the Normans.

ALLEN & UNWIN

Autobiography of
Bertrand Russell
VOLUME ONE

... by turns hilarious and deeply moving, sharp and beautiful... Here is something better than a book in a million. The hero is unique. *Michael Foot*
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ROWLAND EVANS
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'A major contribution to the history of navigation... The illustrations (and their reproduction) are superb.'
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ALLEN & UNWIN

POPE'S HOMER

THE TWICKENHAM EDITION of Pope has now been completed, but for the index, by four volumes (VII, VIII, IX and X) containing his translations of Homer. To have left them out, as was originally intended, would have been a serious limitation. Since he laboured for six years on the *Iliad*, and spent a great deal of further time on the joint version of the *Odyssey*, Pope's preoccupation with Homer lasted for more than a decade. To have omitted these translations would have been to rob him of some of his finest verse, and to have distorted the shape of his poetic career. It would also have robbed the eighteenth century of its finest translation and have deprived the modern reader of one of the principal keys to the Augustan period.

Without Homer and Virgil, Augustan civilization is inconceivable. Johnson spoke for his age when he told Boswell that Greek and Latin were "an essential requisite to a good education", just as the boy who was rowing the two men to Greenwich as they conversed spoke for his age when he told the Doctor that he would willingly give "what he had" in order to "learn about the Argonauts". The *Aeneid* (in particular) occupied a place at the centre of Augustan education which no single book occupies in education today. It does not need McLuhan to tell us that books mattered more in the eighteenth century than they seem to matter now. As we look back from the incoherent specializations of the present day, there is something very envious about the homogeneity of Augustan culture. When on a recent occasion the members of an Oxford Senior Common Room proposed to have some literary discussion, it was discovered that the only book which everyone present had read was *Alice in Wonderland*, idle as "the monks of Oxford" may have been in the eighteenth century, things were never quite as bad as that. Along with any guest who would have been invited to share their hospitality for the evening, the Fellows of an eighteenth-century College could all have joined in a discussion of Homer and Virgil, less technical, admittedly, than that of classical scholars today, but a good deal more literary.

Their state of conscious pupillage to the Ancients produced a humility on the part of the Augustans which is more noteworthy than the arrogance of which they are often accused. It is true that they considered themselves more civilized and "polite" than their immediate predecessors; true that they even ventured to criticize Shakespeare. Yet their bump of reverence was better developed than our own, and Pope was the spokesman of their age in the generous enthusiasm with which he spoke out in praise of the literature of classical antiquity.

Still green with Bays each ancient Allar stands,
Above the reach of Sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envy's Rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
For Pope, as for Dryden and Milton and Spenser before him, the poetic career of Virgil was a constant inspiration and model; and behind Virgil there towered the shade of Homer, revered and a little indistinct, the first of poets and it was agreed, the greatest. It was natural that Pope should have given him a place of honour in the *Essay on Criticism* which he wrote on the threshold of his own adult career as a poet.

Be Homer's Works your Study, and Delight
Read them by Day, and meditate by Night.
Thence form your Judgment, thence your Maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their Spring.

The question of precisely how much Greek the Augustans knew is, it is true, a slightly embarrassing one. Professor Norman Callan quotes with approval Johnson's remark that "it is not likely that [Pope] overflowed with Greek", while Professor

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Iliad of Homer*. Books I-IX: 477pp. Book X-XXIV: 621pp. *The Odyssey of Homer*. Books I-XII: 460pp. Books XIII-XXIV: 637pp. Edited by Maynard Mack. Associate Editors: Norman Callan, Robert Pappas, William Frost, Douglas M. Knight, Matthew 12 12s. each set.

Mack concludes that Pope was "competent, though not learned, in Homeric Greek". If Pope's education had been less irregular, would he have been a better Grecian? Here the evidence is conflicting. Henry Fielding, who was clearly a gifted linguist, is said to have left Elton "uncommonly versed in the Greek authors"; yet it seems likely that something of his knowledge was acquired during his later study at Leyden. We know that another Augustan who was not an incompetent linguist, Edward Gibbon, blamed his Westminster schoolmasters for his inadequate knowledge of Greek. As a young man of nineteen Gibbon set out to remedy this, and worked his way through the first half of the *Iliad*; but then, "from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon" he "withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus". As Homer is so much easier to read than Virgil and Tacitus, that is a startling admission. If it cost Gibbon such pains to read Homer in the original it is the less surprising that Pope's translations had received so warm a welcome. Since earlier translations (but for Chapman's, which must have seemed archaic) were of little merit, it is hard to escape the conclusion that there was an element of lip-service about the Augustan admiration for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

If Dryden had lived longer, the position might have been different. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health", he wrote in the preface to his *Poems*, "my intentions are to translate the whole *Iliad*... and this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil... for the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet." Since, however, Dryden died without translating more than the first Book of the *Iliad* and the parting of Hector and Andromache, the young Pope was confronted by a challenging task. It is hardly surprising that he often found himself "under great pain and apprehension", particularly during the first year or two of his labours. "Though I conquered the thoughts of it in the day", he once remarked to Joseph Spence, "they would frighten me in the night. I dreamed often of being engaged in a long journey and that I should never get to the end of it."

The life and vigour of the translation contain no hint of such misgivings. The great merit of Pope as a translator is that he produced splendid poems which are continuously interesting. The *Iliad* remains, as he tells it, an eloquent story of courage in battle and of the encounter of heroic men, the *Odyssey* an incomparable tale of the dangers that beset a wanderer as he makes his way back to his faithful wife and his beloved home. Once we read the opening lines of these translations we are carried irresistibly on. This characteristic of the *Iliad* is the more surprising because Pope's style is so much more highly wrought and sophisticated than Homer's own.

The deliberateness with which Pope went to work is emphasized by the indexes of poetical effects which he appended to his translations. These make it clear that he was keenly aware of the different rhetorical categories of different passages in Homer, and of the different poetical demands that they made on his translator. We notice, for example, that he is often at his best in "Speeches, or Orations", as in Sarpedon's speech on death in battle, which was singled out for praise by Matthew Arnold:

Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For Lust of Fame I should not vainly dare
In Fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War.

But, since, alas! ignoble Age must Disavow and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe.
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!
It is true that this is more "literary and rhetorical" than the Greek, but what matters (as Arnold acknowledges) is that the passage "strongly impresses us", for that is something that very few translations do. It is particularly interesting to find Pro-

fessor Mack praising Pope's "Descriptions, or Images", since these were among the passages most often censured in the nineteenth century. His comments on the brilliant "pictures" of the night-piece at the end of Book VIII demonstrate that a sympathetic understanding of the Augustan interest in the visual arts can throw a penetrating beam of light on Augustan poetry.

Again and again the modern reader is prepared, in both senses of the word, to find variety and subtlety where Victorian readers were likely to find only uniformity and monotony. Pope's indexes draw attention to passages "expressing in the sound of the thing described", such as the lines describing "the rattling and jumping of Carcs over rough and rocky Way", and those describing "the rustling and crashing of trees falling", but his latest editors also point out much subtler "aural complexities", such as Hera's speech to Jove in Book XVI, a passage ending with lines which Gray must have remembered as he completed his own incomparable *Elegy*:

His Friends and People, to his future Praise,
And lasting Honours to his Ashes give;
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have) I shall live.

If such complexities have little in common with Homer, they have a great deal in common with Virgil. Critics have pointed out that whereas we frequently find something new when we re-read a passage of Pope, re-reading Dryden confirms our admiration without revealing any hidden subtleties that escaped our attention on a first reading. The same difference is to be found between Virgil and Homer, and may no doubt be postulated as a characteristic difference between primary epic, which is aural, and secondary epic, which is literary. A short way of describing what Pope did to the *Iliad* would be to say that he made it one of the most remarkable secondary epics in any language.

Anyone reading Pope's *Homer* for the first time is likely to be struck by the assurance and panache with which the whole thing is carried off. What makes a great translation of epic poetry impossible today is that the whole conception of high style is alien to our domestic age. Pope had the signal advantage of living at a time when high style was still a familiar concept. Like Dryden, indeed, he was not merely a brilliant translator: he was a man who himself cherished the ambition of becoming an epic poet. He told Spence that if he had not undertaken his translation he "would certainly have written an epic", and we know that he was at work on a patriotic epic, in blank verse, at the time of his death. Like *MacFlecknoe* and *Abraham and Achilaphel*, *The Rape of the Lock* and the *Dunclad* are the work of a poet who was in training for the Epic Marathon. It is true that it is difficult to imagine either man writing a great epic; but then if Milton had been killed during the Civil War, it would have been equally difficult to imagine him writing a great epic. Critics would have hastened to point out that "a cold rationalistic wind was blowing by the mid-seventeenth century, and that while the *Poems* of 1645 prove Milton a lyric and elegiac poet of the highest promise, they contain little evidence of epic potential. All that can be said of Dryden and Pope is that, whether or not they were capable of the grandeur of conception that is required of an epic poet, their translations remain as evidence that they were capable, if in a lesser degree than Milton, of the grandeur of heroic style.

The Twickenham editors give us, first of all, almost everything that is to be found in the original edition. This includes Pope's prefaces, notes, and other ancillary matter, much of it omitted from most later reprints and yet of the greatest interest. They give us textual notes, though these are of limited importance, as Pope worked so hard on the versions that first published that he was understandably reluctant to continue the process of revision as meticulously as he did with his original poems. They give us numerous and striking illustrations which do something to explain, though they do little to justify,

the remarkably high price of their volumes.

They have tracked down all but a handful of the allusions in Pope's notes to classical authors and later critics: a Herculean task. But it is the first and last volumes which contain their principal contribution to English scholarship: in the six-part introduction, which is unnecessarily long, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are considered separately and Pope's work is related to the classical scholarship of his time, to the work of earlier English translators, and to his poetic career as a whole: while the nine appendices include the manuscript text of the preface to the *Iliad* and of the surviving part of the more interesting postscript to the *Odyssey*, brief specimens of the manuscript text of certain passages of the translation, examples of proof-corrections, a record of the markings in Pope's copy of Chapman's *Iliad*, and a table of the principal parallels in word and phrasing in earlier translations and in some earlier original poetry.

This last is a courageous attempt at conciseness which is inevitably incomplete, as well as forbidding in appearance. There follow brief specimens of the translations of Chapman, Ogilby (Dryden), or rather MacFlecknoe, "Uncle Ogleby", Hobbes, Mm. Uacis, and the obscure but meritorious Tookes. The most curious of these versions is undoubtedly the Orell-Broome-Oldsworth version of the *Iliad*, which was printed as prose but is in fact written in blank verse. Like the introductions, which are well-informed and intelligent, it sometimes a little fussy, these appendices clearly represent a compromise between the theoretically desirable and the practically possible; but while the omission of explanatory and illustrative notes may be regretted, much of the material they would have contained can be found by the diligent inquirer elsewhere in the edition, which is fittingly dedicated to the late John Butt, whose edition of the *Iliads* of Horace inaugurated the Twickenham *Pope* no less than twenty-eight years ago.

CHATTO & WINDUS
PAPERBACKS

November 30th
Publications

VIRGINIA WOOLF
Collected Essays
Vol. 2
Edited by Leonard Woolf
cwp 13 15s

THE ESSENTIAL
FAULKNER
The Saga of
Yoknapatawpha County
1820-1950
Edited by Malcolm Cowley
cwp 14 768pp. 21s

MARCEL PROUST
The
Guermantes Way
Parts I & II
cwp 15 & 16. 12s 6d each

F. R. LEAVIS
"Anna Karenina"
& Other Essays
cwp 17 15s

WILFRED OWEN
Collected Poems
Edited and with an
Introduction and Notes
by C. Day Lewis
With a memoir by
Edmund Blunden
cwp 18 12s 6d

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
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MAKING A SCENE

The success earlier this year of a volume of poems called *The Larkspur Scene* is often touted as convincing evidence that there is a large and avid audience for poetry: all that's needed is the hard sell, the marketing campaign. The buyer must be made to feel that what he's getting will have less to do with poetry than with Liverpool, less to do with words than with scenes. Where poetry, in short, can tie itself in with the journalistically fashionable, as sociologically pertinent, or even as with the odd "establishment" anthology—the educationally encapsulated, it can get away with what it wants to get away with. The casual pretence, of course, is that poetry has suddenly become something other than it borrows when the customer last tried it; that it is something less difficult, less demanding, less privately a matter of imagination and intelligence.

A new compilation from Corgi Books aptly demonstrates how, in search of this "new" audience for poetry, philistinism can masquerade as superior cultural vitality, how unimagination can boast of spontaneity and, most of all, how marketing maketh myths. *Love Love Love* (5s) is the title, evoking Beatles, flower power, young erotic candour; there is a whimsically psychedelic dust-jacket (and the Corgi handout contents thus:

... a unique anthology of the current poetry scene. A scene which differs very considerably, both in the poems and the poets, from the poetry of the past. It is the poetry of today, when by the people of today.

And this, the hungry customer should note, is the prose of today, written by at least one publisher of today. The anthology is edited by an advertising copywriter and contributor to a pop periodical, Pete Roche. His introduction is a study in unimagination grandiloquence. He has compiled, he claims, "a representative selection of the poetry that is being written by today's young poets". And who are they? Well, they don't include any of the bore poets, the literary pedagogues, and they owe nothing to the bushy eyebrows who get up all the praise and prizes. They add up to what Mr. Roche sees as "a significant departure—both in style and content—from the kind of poetry that has been produced in this country over the last fifteen years or so". What kind of poetry, then? Pete Roche is not a man to define, what it is that he points out that they feel closer to "some of today's better poets" than to "most of the poets who were in vogue in the fifties and sixties". Another distinguishing feature of these few men is their "yearning to include a book in their series, their average age is around 25". They also read their

poetry to one another, for the keen trend-setter to go on—who, these days, isn't young, a Beatles fan, and fond of the sound of his own voice? But the reader will not doubt be surprised to find that Adrian Mitchell (35), Adrian Henri (35), Anselm Holifield (35) and Michael Horowitz (32) are among the poets included. They are aware, though, that these poets are huge, essential props of the "new" poetic enterprise, and they properly apologize for including any "older" poets. They have played a central

part in demonstrating the possibility of "live" poetry to younger writers. Mr. Mitchell, for instance, gives this sort of nourishing advice to his disciples:

Make love well, generously, deeply. There's nothing simpler in the savage world. Making good love, making good love. There's nothing harder in the tender world. Making good love, making good love.

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matize as "meagre and somewhat misleading" the earlier work reprinted in Miss Adrienne Rich's *Selected Poems*. Here again the choice was not ours, as your reviewer's reference to "this method of publishing American poets" implies, but Miss Rich's own. Poets may no doubt go wrong at times in choosing from their own work, but your readers will perhaps have more confidence in the considered choice of Miss Bishop and Miss Rich than in the pronouncements of so careless a reviewer.

IAN PARSONS.
Chatto and Windus Ltd., 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

"Our reviewer writes:—I hope Mr. Parsons will take my word for it. I read the dust jacket with due care and spotted the fact that Miss Bishop made the selection. The fact that this selection differs from an earlier one offered by the same publisher merely prompted me to say that at this stage we do not want a 'Selected Poems' from Miss Bishop at all. What we want from her is the *Whole Works*. Nothing less will do. This might be an inordinate request if Miss Bishop were a volume writer. But she is not. It would therefore be quite possible, on the face of it, to give us the whole body of work. We could then really use it, without reservation. Mr. Parsons takes too lightly the loss of one poem and one prose piece from *Questions of Travel*. I had in mind, among other points, that the prose piece, one of the most important parts of Miss Bishop's work, and, in my view, crucial for an understanding of her verse, I hope I have made it clear that Miss Bishop's work is not, in my view, to be read in any casual or perfunctory way. I make no apology for thinking of her work as material for sustained study, assimilation. Briefly, a serious student of modern American verse, as distinct from a casual reader, cannot be content with yet another 'Selected Poems'. The fact that this particular selection was recently made by Miss Bishop is of course interesting; but in another sense it is neither here nor there.

It is unnecessary to extend the discussion to the other poets. The same considerations apply.

DEVALUATION

Sir—I hope that readers and libraries will join with me in protesting at the way that some bookshops in Oxford and London (and possibly elsewhere) have used the excuse of devaluation to mark up immediately the price of all foreign books in stock by three shillings in the pound or more.

Various reasons have been given for this rise. Certainly some bills must have been owing to foreign suppliers at the time of devaluation; it would not be reasonable to do as one bookshop, and mark up the price of books received in the fortnight before. But the great bulk of stock must have been paid for months ago. The withdrawal of export rebates is irrelevant; for there is no reason why imported goods should bear this cost, which indeed does not come into force until March 31.

For bookellers with a large foreign holding the unexpected bonus on over a third of their stock may well be in the region of five figures; but that is no reason for ignoring the example of other retail trades, and the appeals of the Government. It is a sad day when we have to praise those bookellers who have not taken advantage of the country's misfortunes.

OSWYN MURRAY.
University of London, The Warburg Institute, Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

HANDS OFF
Sir,—I am grieved to see, on the front page of the issue for November 23, a certain phrase quoted in an advertisement. As a public librarian I am constantly aware of the clandestine manner in which books are removed from the establishment.

From the establishment. I am also aware that certain sections of the public think it clever to "steal" books. Therefore the phrase "Buy it, steal it, read it" used in the advertisement referring to F. M. Brodie's *The Devil Driver* is most unfortunate to say the least. Whilst the majority will take this phrase merely to indicate a book they are reading, there are others to whom it will give quite another interpretation.

R. W. BRITTON, A.L.A.
County Branch Library, 40 Exeter Road, Exmouth, Devon.

GREEK FOR EAR-STUDENTS
Sir,—May I comment on the letter from Miss Mary Renault in your issue for November 23? If one turns to the Greek of the passage that she quotes in translation from Pausanias, *On the fortune of Alcibiades* (332 ff), one finds the clear reference to silent reading. Neither there, nor in the parallel passages in *Moralia* (180 D) and *Alexander* (39), is there any word to suggest "silently". The presence of bystanders is not clearly stated either, though it may be inferred. Even so, the natural deduction, in view of the normal Greek practice, is to give examples in my *Sound of Greek*, is that Alexander and Hephaeston read

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the letter in an undertone, *scilicet voce*. In contrast, Plutarch in his *Brutus* 5 clearly states that Julius Caesar read "in silence".
W. B. STANFORD.
40 Trinity College, Dublin 2.

DOMINIE'S ECONOMY

Sir—Your reviewer (November 23) takes both John Kenneth Galbraith and economic theory too seriously. On the stylized evidence alone, it seems evident that Galbraith is a comedian savouring error rather than a prophet of truth, hardly possible to doubt that he takes himself no more seriously than he takes his colleagues; in private correspondence he reinforces this impression by being brutally condescending and charmingly lackadaisical about his glaring errors and omissions.

Economic theory properly understood—as by writers like Bernard de Mandeville and Joan Robinson—is essentially a comic genre, offering conservative criticism of excesses of imbalance in our conduct of affairs.

Tragedy, indeed, may come of taking any economic theory for the counterweight theory it evokes (too seriously as a guide to action); and it seems to me a major virtue of Galbraith's work that he offers his satire on present imbalances in language calculated to make it difficult for us to mistake it for a recommendation that we should seek mirror-image imbalances as the highest good.

GRAHAME LEMAN.
9 Tudor Court, Gunnersbury Avenue, London, W.3.

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION

Sir—Your reviewer of the books concerned with Queen Caroline (November 30) rejects the idea of George IV being "kind-hearted" because of his treatment of the Queen and of Mrs. Fitzherbert. His criticisms may be valid in those instances and yet not be so in others.

At least, Mrs. Arbuthnot would dissent. Mr. Arbuthnot was detained in town by an important private business; and, as it showed how kindly and good natured the King is when he acts upon the first impulse & when he has no ill-natured person to check him, I shall detail it. When Mr. Arbuthnot was Ambassador at Constantinople, the expenses of his situation were so great & from various causes so uncontrollable that he returned to England with an enormous debt, greatly increased by his being near two years in arrears of his salary. Ld. Londonderry paid a part of his debt and he was able to pay the rest, but fearing that the temper of Parliament at the moment was such as to render an appeal to it very unpleasant, Mr. Arbuthnot was left with a debt of 15,000 £, while he remained at the Treasury, he was able to pay the interest, but now our income is so much diminished he has found it impossible. He was advised by Ld. Liverpool to mention his case to the King, saying that the late King had consigned part of his private purse debts incurred in the public service. Mr. Arbuthnot did as Ld. Liverpool advised & in less than a week the King sent for him & put into his hand a letter, saying, "Take this, & never let the subject be mentioned again & above all, do not let it cause any stress or embarrassment between us." The letter contained 15,000 £ & desired Mr. A. to receive it with his kindest regards for himself & me. It was not possible to do a thing with more kindness & delicacy, & it is not possible to express how grateful we have both felt or how completely happy it has made Mr. Arbuthnot, for his debt has long been a thorn in his side.

Diary entry, December 6, 1823, quoted from p.277, *Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot*, edited by Francis Bamford and the Duke of Wellington, Macmillan, 1930.

ROBERT BUSS.
161 Woodbridge Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

LORD READING
Sir,—While agreeing with Mr. Graham Thompson (November 30) that the Marquess of Crewe was born "plain Mr." Robert Alines five years before his father was created Lord Houghton, I must point out that my non-legal definition of commoner excludes prospective as well as actual hereditary peers.

I feel that this justifies my description of Rufus Isaac as the first commoner to become a Marquess since the Duke of Wellington.

Latin American Studies

AT ONE REMOVE

JEAN FRANCO: *The Modern Culture of Latin America: Society and the Artist*. 339pp. Pail Mall Press. £2.5s.

There is no book in English which provides so expertly comprehensive a review of Latin American literature over the past 150 years as this one by Mrs. Franco. Mrs. Franco's reading is impressively extensive and she writes of her subject with great assurance, covering it from the new republics' first gestures towards cultural identity after independence to the present day, when Latin American literature flourishes all over the world if not in the United Kingdom.

Culturally, Latin America had little to offer in the nineteenth century, and the European ideas that did manage to filter through there involved the minute cultural elite in ardent controversies that are unlikely to stir the minds of many Europeans today. Mrs. Franco applies critical standards to this period which are perhaps too limited to its own context. It is surprising for instance that she can take the Nicaraguan "modernist" poet Rubén Darío so seriously. He was important for the Spanish language at the time because he was the first to imitate French symbolist poetry in it. But Mrs. Franco might have applied more rigorous, less uncompromising criticism to poetry that today seems unoriginal, imprecise and banal.

Part of the trouble with Mrs. Franco's book is that she covers so much ground that she has little time left for profound analysis. She reveals the plots of so many novels that it is hard to distinguish one from another, and certainly hard to discover which novels she thinks good and which bad. Borges only gets four pages, Carlos Fuentes scarcely two. Many lesser writers are luckier. Are we much the wiser for instance about Vicente Huidobro when we learn that he "wrote poetry that used daring typographical devices and had a free form"? Of too many writers we get to know nothing more than that they are gifted with, say, a "great sensitivity".

And yet Mrs. Franco does come up with many useful insights, and her classification of themes is always sound; race, nature, politics, cosmopolitanism, etc. She is excellent particularly on the "Latin American writer's difficult quest for some sort of identity distinct from his European heritage. This quest has been resolved

in many ways in Latin America, the most notable perhaps being many writers' identification with the Indian. Others have used their special position of being at one remove from Europe to good effect because they have been able to assimilate European culture eclectically without losing sight at the same time of their own peculiar natural surroundings. Thus Borges has perversely imbibed such English masters as Chesterton and Stevenson without forgetting that he is an Argentinian.

On politics Mrs. Franco is less assured not because she is not able skillfully to describe her writers' attitudes to it but rather because she is occasionally hazy about the political background itself. She is perhaps too ready to take the writers at their word, thus appearing to believe for instance that Gabriel González Videla was "dictator" of Chile in 1949. Miguel Angel Asturias, incidentally, is not exiled by his government in Buenos Aires nowadays, for he is Guatemalan ambassador in Paris.

Mrs. Franco could have said more about the theatre (there is no mention of Jorge Díaz or José Triana) and *Modern Culture of Latin America* is an ambitious title for a book that tells us very little indeed about painting (though it is good on the muralists there is virtually nothing about modern abstract art, nothing about Villa Lobos?), nothing about sculpture (what about Maria Colvin?), and virtually nothing about architecture, a field in which Latin America has made by far its most outstanding cultural contributions. Even in her chapters on the nineteenth century a description of those grand, Parisian public buildings of Buenos Aires, for instance, would have been a help. Mrs. Franco mentions Sebastián Salazar Bondy's magnificent book *Una la horrible*, in which he analyses the social and economic assumptions behind Peruvian history largely from the point of view of the city's architecture. But she gives us no idea of what that sinister city actually looks like.

Yet despite these shortcomings *Modern Culture of Latin America* is the best comprehensive guide available at any rate to Latin American poetry and prose. It is certainly essential reading for anyone interested in, or studying the subject.

PRO-INDIAN PRIEST

MARCEL BATAILLON (assisted by Raymond Marcus): *Études sur Bartolomé de Las Casas*. 345pp. Paris: Centre de Recherches de l'Institut d'Études Hispaniques. Oxford: The Dolphin Book Company. £3.1s.

In 1963 the closed world of Las Casas scholarship was violently agitated by a biography published in a popular series and written by the dozen of Spanish scholars—Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal. The protector of the Indians was presented as a pathological liar (the impossibility of his statistics of slaughtered Indians is obvious), as a self-important, ambitious left-winger who, compared with other missionary priests less fond of publicity, had little "real" contact with the Indians he sought to protect and no Christian feelings for his fellow Spaniards, colonizers of a vast area. The secret of Las Casas's "double" personality was the clinical paranoia of a man who found that his simple *litter fixa* (Indians equal good, Spanish *encomenderos* equals evil) was not accepted by others as a revealed truth.

Detailed criticism followed—particularly from Lewis Hanke, main defender of the Spanish struggle for justice of which Las Casas was so major a part, and from Manuel Giménez Fernández, M. Bataillon now publishes a collection of essays on Las Casas, most of them written in the Pidal era; in the preface Bataillon reveals his obvious distress that his own work should have served as ammunition in the Pidal offensive. Of all the controversialists Bataillon is the most moderate because he is one of the most scholarly.

He is not blind to Las Casas's defects, and emphasizes his political opportunism in his search for allies: plans must be modified to collect support. The first essay on the early career of Las Casas before he entered the Dominican order "Le clérigo Casas" shows him as more the practical man and less the ideologue than is traditionally supposed. When there is little possibility of support for his plan for "communal" Indian settlements he changes over to a seemingly contradictory scheme for mixed Indian and Spanish villages. How far any of his schemes were practicable is another question; the *versatilité* of the *homme d'action* verges often on that famous Spanish vice *arbitrarismo* or the concoction of projects. His schemes took little account either of the potentialities

of the "gentle" Indians or of the motives which made Spaniards face the enormous perils of colonizing a great continent.

The most controversial essay of the collection is Bataillon's criticism of Remesal's account (written in 1619) of the evangelization of a territory in Guatemala called by its evangelizers Vera Paz—"True Peace" as opposed to the peace of the desert created by the avaricious and blood-thirsty *conquistadores*. One of the set pieces of Las Casas literature, it set out to prove the possibility of peaceful conversion. Remesal's *Historia* is shown up as a skillful Dominican hagiography: the touches of realistic detail conceal the presentation of a cautious and slow attempt at peaceful penetration as a miraculous and instantaneous conversion of warlike tribes by songs and music, with triumphal arches created by grateful converts. Alas, the dates are wrong. The hero of the expedition, the martyr Luis Cáncer, was not a member of it; the chieftain "Don Juan" could not have exchanged hats with a Spanish official who was absent at the time. All this demythologizing is not meant to diminish the significance of Las Casas's insistence on peaceful conversion, nor (to the disgust of the *colons*, whose hatred of Las Casas's publicly campaigns against planter oppression was as unbounded as it was understandable) the effects of his persistence on Spanish authorities.

The same calm expertise is displayed in the dissection of another central document in the Las Casas controversy: the *Parer de Yucay*. The *Parer* claimed that Las Casas, inspired by the devil, attacked the King of Spain's sovereignty in Peru to such effect that, but for the intervention of the judicious Vitoria, the monarch might have abandoned Peru. Substitute paranoia for the devil and you have the thesis of Menéndez Pidal.

Bataillon first proves the authorship of the *Parer* and then exposes its bias. Las Casas never contested the King's sovereignty, though he did see him as a "king over lesser (native) kings". From first to last he wished to extract the Indians from the clutches of the *encomenderos*—

Spanish settlers with "entrusted" Indians to work their estates. One of his aims was to subject them to the logical hatred of the *encomenderos* and the *colons* class it supported; his solution was to subject them to the direct authority of the crown. He was, after all, engaged in a campaign to win the support of the Spanish court for the Indian cause and was out to show that humanitarian plans for the amelioration of the Indian condition would also bring in cash to the infidel in Europe.

It has been part of the Las Casas controversy to overestimate grossly his influence, turning him into a moral dictator. Bataillon sees him at work, ceaselessly it is true, but without any more power than would be granted in court and government circles to a local expert in colonial affairs, persistent and troublesome but a man whose efforts inspired respect.

Of all the scholars who have tackled the case of Las Casas, Bataillon is the least prone to be carried away from scholarship to polemics by the immensity of the problem which lies behind the controversy. Las Casas was engaged in the first large-scale contact of western civilization with what was to be later known as the underdeveloped world. The theological debate concerned what was the proper relation between Europeans and the "inferior" races.

Like many of his successors, Las Casas idealized the natives and abused the *colons*. He was totally convinced of his own rectitude to the point of injustice to others' convictions, and more excusably, to the total neglect of their interests.

To Spanish nationalists he represents anti-Spain. Main architect of the Black Legend, he supplied generations of Protestants with the raw materials which enabled them to denigrate Spain's greatest noblest—the civilization of Latin America. He was probably an insufferable man to deal with; but, then, so were most of his opponents. For the author of the *Parer de Yucay* American gold was a dowry which endowed the *conquistadores* for their pains in evangelizing the ugly sisters of the western world: the dirty Indians.

URUGUAY'S MAN OF LETTERS

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ: *Ariel*. Edited by Gordon Brotherston. 106pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s.

The works of the Uruguayan thinker, José Enrique Rodó, were once better known outside Latin America. Anselm Bevan and Havelock Ellis were among those who spoke warmly of them. But soon after his death in 1917, his reputation began to shrink. Not surprisingly, his outlook was that of the nineteenth-century "men of letters", and like them he pronounced freely on matters which have since become the province of the specialized disciplines of psychology, sociology, and economics. The modern reader has come to expect something more than lofty generalizations when the subject is the human personality or social motivation, and can thus be excused for finding Rodó outdated. His *Motivos de Prole* (1909) deals with self-realization, but is pre-Freudian. *Ariel* (1900), the essay which gave him an international reputation, is an inspirational, rhetorical work designed to give Latin Americans a sense of identity and purpose at a time when the defeat of Spain by the United States had decisively shifted the balance of power in the hemisphere. This political and economic problem he repeats to make it a moral and educational problem.

He wished to see a Latin American society which would reconcile democracy with an aristocracy of the intellect, and material progress with spiritual fulfillment. He regarded the United States as a disastrous example of the loss of identity and spiritual values in the name of material progress and modernization. The result was a civilization which was a caricature of the American one.

social motivation or analysing North American civilization, he keeps his feet firmly in the clouds. The examples he cites, whether admonitory or exemplary, are usually from literary sources, never from experience. These serious objections do not detract from *Ariel*'s importance as an historical document. It created myths whose influence has been incalculable on generations of Latin Americans and is indispensable for understanding the cultural climate of the first two decades of this century.

This new edition is clear, well-presented and scholarly; it includes hitherto unexplored material from the Rodó archives and the editor, Mr. Gordon Brotherston, gives a succinct account of the relationship between Rodó's thought and that of *Román*, *Forlino* and other nineteenth-century thinkers. But his plea on behalf of Rodó and his censure of the "impotence" of other critics is not backed by any convincing evidence to prove that this is more than a good edition of a mediocre work.

CUTTING THE LINKS

MEXICO AND THE SPANISH CORTES, 1810-1822. Edited with an introduction by Nettie Lee Benson. 245pp. Published for the Institute of Latin American Studies by the University of Texas Press. 37s. 6d.

None of the standard works on Mexican history gives proper weight to the meetings of the Spanish Cortes between 1810 and 1822 and again between 1820 and 1822, in which elected Mexican representatives participated and at which ideas of great importance to Mexico's future as an independent nation were discussed, defined, and to some extent put into effect.

The overthrow of the old Spanish monarchy by Napoleon led to the convocation of a Cortes, or Parliament, whose task was essentially to reorganize Spanish society, to home rule and to the creation of a new constitution. The result was a constitution which was a caricature of the American one.

lides, which had time only to be partly applied before its abolition in the restoration of Ferdinand VII in 1814. Paradoxically its reintroduction after the revolt of 1820 which caused the leaders of the Mexican Army and Church to get together to cut the last link with Spain. But by then the essential link had been well disintegrated, and the reformers had their victory in the Mexican Constitution of 1824.

The eight essays here published are of uneven quality, and are primarily of specialist interest, together they make a valuable contribution to Mexican history. A useful bibliography.

COMMENTARY

On November 2 we published a letter to the editor from Mrs. Alison Waley, the widow of Arthur Waley, in which she described how, in May, 1963, a vast amount of Waley's papers—manuscripts, journals, diaries, notebooks, letters, photographs, etc.—were removed from 22 Great James Street, in the same issue we commented on the loss of material was an inestimable loss to scholars in many fields. We have now received the following statement from Norman D. Stevens, Acting University Librarian, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey:

Rutgers University, which has been deeply interested in Arthur Waley's work for some years, joins the writer of *Commentary* in *The Times Literary Supplement* of November 2, 1967, in deploring the loss to the scholarly world of Waley's personal papers, letters, etc. Some interested people know, the library acquired, in February, 1963, from a well-known London dealer, a collection of Waley's books and papers, presumably discarded when he moved from Gordon Square in September, 1962. Dr. Waley knew of this acquisition, a brief descriptive article concerning which was published in the *Journal of the Rutgers University Library* in June, 1966. A preliminary typewritten inventory is available for users of the material.

It is with melancholy satisfaction indeed that we communicate the fact that

what must have been the least important material was spared destruction in the major loss of May, 1963.

The article referred to is by the bibliographer of Rutgers University Library, Mr. Francis A. Johns. It is entitled "A Collection of Papers of Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete" and announces that the library has "recently acquired a collection of books and papers formerly belonging to Arthur Waley and Beryl de Zoete". The material "came as a result of his [Waley's] moving from Gordon Square to Great James Street nearby in Bloomsbury; it is in no sense an organized collection, but rather an accumulated mass of papers". It includes writings by Waley on Japanese and Chinese studies, on history, art, anthropology, ballet and skiing, notebooks, letters from the Sitwells, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Berenson and many others, as well as some 3,000 books, more than a third of them inscribed to Waley or Beryl de Zoete or with their annotations. There are also manuscripts of books and articles, unpublished works and much more.

Readers may have seen references to Mr. Giles Gordon's recent article on the Arts Council Literature Panel, which he leaves this month. Though he takes pains to dissociate himself

from other criticisms of that institution, Mr. Gordon appears to be at one with us in feeling that state subsidy for literature is impossible without a policy, and that at present such a policy is lacking. Indeed he goes even further by suggesting that the panel "should advise the Arts Council to stop paying money to individuals". This comes as a particularly desolate confession from one who, only a year ago, wrote to this paper testifying that "During my period of life on the Panel, if one writer of whom I happen to think highly benefits from my being there, and who I believe will thus be able to go on writing in the way he wants to write, I shall have felt my time well spent".

Mr. Gordon doesn't claim to be able to put forward a policy himself, but he thinks something should be done to stimulate bookshops, and that teachers and children ought to be indoctrinated "with the idea that reading books and possessing them oneself is a worthy pursuit". These two were points in the proposal for the establishment of local "books councils" which we made a year ago as an alternative to what Mr. Gordon calls "a snobbish extension of the role".

One measure that, it seems, particularly riled Mr. Gordon was the Council's lavish subsidy to the *London Magazine*, which he criticizes

for failing to acknowledge this aid and also for going on being printed "by one of the country's most expensive printers". Does he, one wonders, realize that the same firm have printed not only the Arts Council's annual report but also the *Decennial Socialist Commentary*, in which his article appears?

A further flurry at Penguin? Six months after Anthony Godwin's departure from Penguin comes news of another reshuffle in that quarter. Sir Edward Boyle, who became managing director of the new hardback house, Allen Lane: The Penguin Press, after Godwin's departure, is handing over (at somewhat short notice) to Charles Clark, a former member of Godwin's Penguin team. Sir Edward is remaining vice-chairman of Penguin Books and a director of the hardback Press. Although Sir Edward's spell at Penguin (his directorship from boardroom) publishing was indeed brief he considers the time well spent. "I was extremely glad to have a responsible executive job for this period because one gets more the feel of publishing from the inside; being responsible for executive decisions brings home some of the snags involved. . . . Of course one has disappointments. . . . but I was well backed up at Vign Street." Among the books arranged for publication by Sir Edward are: a study of

Firbank by Brigid Brophy; Michael Edwards on Nehru as an Indian statesman; *Chatterbox* by Benedict Nightingale; and Michael Glenny on Krasin. Sir Edward and his successor are not strangers—they have worked together on Penguin's educational programme. When asked to comment on the new situation Charles Clark, who remains director of education at Penguin, said: "I am, of course, delighted to be working with Sir Edward Boyle at Allen Lane: The Penguin Press. As far as my own role goes, it is in drawing on the very full resources of Harmondsworth, especially in editorial, selling, promotion work, that my own Penguin experience can best be used. We are going flat out to offer authors, agents and American publishers a really integrated service in both hardback and paperback, especially across the wide range of social sciences that the Penguin and Penguin non-fiction list covers."

A last word about Joseph Whitaker (see "100 Whitaker," in last week's *TLS*) who was quite ready to write fiction if it produced facts. When he started his *Almanack of the Civil Service* would not tell him their salaries. Whitaker printed what he thought they were worth. Pride perhaps, or embarrassment, soon brought a full confession.

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the *TLS* on December 6, 1917

THE AIRMAN. By C. M. TATHAM.

THE DAWN PATROL. By PAUL BEWSHER, R.N.A.S.

Every airman, one thinks, must become a poet in some degree, whether he have the gift of verse or not; for he "lives dangerously" a life of wonder, among the great elements, in a world of exaltation. The fable of *Pygmalion* can be true. Shelleyan visions of cloud and light and duelling suns are the airman's daily scene. What new, exhilarating quickening of existence must not inspire the coming generation when it is free at any time to leave this steady unenduring "land" and sail not the ocean only, but the winds! Meantime, those who follow the air have other things besides the joy of flight to think of; they have to be infinitely wary and watchful for enemies, both in the clouds and on the earth. But the tenses of preoccupation and the never-absent danger make poignant all the more their human emotions. We read in the newspapers of our fleets of aeroplanes going up daily and doing miraculous deeds of daring; but do we ever try to imagine what each of those winged things carries with it what spiritual pains perhaps and sorrows, isolated in the sky, but so humanly troubling? These little books bring it home to us. The life, they tell of is so much poetry in itself that we find

ourselves forgetting to think much of the manner of it or the quality.

How much of C. M. Tatham's poem has been transferred from actual experience, or to what extent it is the work of imagination, we do not know. If it is all imagined, it is, we should say, remarkably successful. Miss Tatham writes in a free, unrhymed accentual metre, not with entire mastery, but with pleasant variety and frequent freshness of rhythm. Mr. Bewsher is content with ordinary measures, and his thoughts and feelings are correspondingly more on the normal plane. He never strains for effect, though his diction does not always escape convention and commonplace: the strongest impression his poems leave is of a sincere and ingenuous nature devoted to duty, but of keen sensibilities. It is rather surprising to find a lighter among the clouds so far removed from arrogance and audacities, and so responsive, as he races through the skies, to thoughts of simple piety and gentleness. He describes in vivid detail an air raid at night. He feels that he is deprecating the night's beauty and stillness; he spares a thought for the sleepless below him, who lie listening to his droning engine; he describes how he comes above a

city all ablaze with lamps which suddenly dies into utter darkness at the fear of his approach; and then he spies the furnace he has come to wreck, and among the blinding searchlights, outlining every wire of his machine, drops his bombs—"such fearful death with such great ease". But though so glad to hurry back to the friendly West and home, he is pursued by remorseful thoughts of those whose dead he has killed "like a thief" in the night. In another poem he paints the horrors of flying. It is a snowy, stormy day, but he has set himself the task of flying a certain height; and he brings very near to the terrors of an imaginative nature in "his box of wood and steel" playing "at pitch-and-toss with Death", while the winds rock and buffet him from side to side, and then the delicious peace as he gently flows down, his task performed. He will not gloat over the terrors of his calling, though he can hymn so delightedly the Joys of Flying—"Now know I why the skylark sings"—even allowing himself a certain scorn of the anti-life mortals on the ground—and rejoice in the virginal seclusion and remote purity of the skies through which he floats on the dawn patrol.

It is this last kind of motion, the sense of being drawn up out of humanity to a more ecstatic life, which pervades Miss Tatham's poem. Its theme is the experience of an air-

man "who fails to return". He mounts "on a gay summer morning in rapturous flight", and tumbles out his thoughts and fancies and feelings. I will tell what I see of the air that is new to me.

For 'tis certain, we see with new eyes who see from new heights. He tells of the clouds of glory; of the birds which will not come near or alight on his "travelling ship"; of the loneliness, missing the sense of the earth, "the companionship of the seasons, the company of months" in the air, where there is no fall of the leaf; he longs for the familiar sights of autumn, the smarting smoke from the fires of leaves; and that brings the realization of what "home" means now—no longer the house and garden, the lamp-shine on the floor, the mother "all in all, the light in the house", who bade him farewell in that fateful month of August, but England, in whose cause he went out gladly. Then comes a gayer passage in which he imagines the clouds at play with him in the rosy dawn, beautiful changeable companions, until he looks down and sees fragments of earth through the magic fog, and suddenly remembers the leveler Death. The mood changes, and the airman's thoughts fall into despondency, and he thinks of the mother "with wailing eyes", and of his childhood and its training. It is

a strongly religious nature which here discloses its mystical fervour, coloured afresh by the vast loneliness of the air and the "rainbowed arches of Heaven". Suddenly he braces himself for action as the sounds of battle come near: "there are others now in the air, not all are my friends. . . . The tips of the trembling planes are listening ears"; and then "What have you done to me, flying brother bee?" He is hit, but urges his ship higher into the clouds—"poor bird, I hate you to stumble and fall".

With twisted and mangled wings—fall we have both loved flight together. So among the "unsailing elements", in flight to "the fiery sun, to the primal skies, to the Throne of the Highest", comes death and initiation. It is a very personal voice which speaks in this poem, with a freshness not only due to the new vision of life in the air. After the glut of journalists' sensations which the war gives us, it is good to return to poetic emotion; and here we can feel ourselves transported to this world of strange experience, with its terrors, its ecstasies, and its illumination. (LAURENCE BINYON.)

The Airman was published by Milford at 8d.; *The Dawn Patrol* by Erskine Macdonald at 1s.

UNINVOLVED

JOHN LINCOLN: *One Man's Mexico*. 238pp. The Bodley Head. 30s.

Of all countries Mexico has perhaps the strongest effect on the imagination. The best books about it tell more about their authors than the country. Thus earnest seekers after the Mexico of D. H. Lawrence and Graham Greene are unlikely to get far without good luck and some at least of the author's vision. This is not to say that such Mexicos do not exist. They do. But each man has his own Mexico, and the greater his imagination, the odder, more interesting and individual it will be.

One Man's Mexico is a correctly entitled record of travels and impressions; in every part of the country. They are seen in perspective by an introduction which, if it contains one or two curious historical judgments, well conveys the mood of modern Mexicans towards foreigners and their own past. This problem into Mexican life, follow: Mr. Lincoln, a twentied in the tropical demy of the Pacific coast, visited the mountain villages of the high plateau, got locked up—arguably, it seems, for the hell of it—in Mexico City, ventured along jungle paths in search of birds or Maya ruins, tried the two natural varieties of hallucinogenic drugs, and spent half a night with a henna-prodrome after a disappointing encounter with the Seri Indians (once renowned for their ferocity and dress of peacock feathers but now near a dilapidated end).

Some of these probes are better

described than others. Conversations in a Toluca village about the electricity supply, the naughty thrills of gael and violence, and drinking it out in Mérida or elsewhere tend to linger on, and fall into too recognizable a category. But the accounts of travel along the coast, or in the jungle are brilliantly done, and recreate with charm and skill the special quality both of the Mexicans themselves—their humour, sick or otherwise, their sympathy, inconsequence, affection and individuality—and of the extraordinarily contrasted country in which they live. The beauty, vitality, yet indifference of the landscape have seldom been better evoked. Those who have had similar experiences will remember things they had forgotten or were never fully aware of; and those to whom all this is new will enter an unfamiliar but authentic world.

Mr. Lincoln's vision is sharp, almost too sharp. He releases the machines and throws away too many lines to impress. He is always an observer, never a participant. He is here and there, the rest is there, alive but across a gulf. It is as if those hallucinogenic mushrooms had, while rapturing his perceptions, left him somehow and painfully alone. He has nevertheless made a welcome book of it, and his Mexico will find a worthy place in the succession

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when he met the Belgian nurse, he knew without being told that she was a lapsed nun and from what order she had come. This could have been telepathic, if not relayed through a mutual friend. But it greatly impressed both women. What is more impressive is Kathryn Hulme's progress from spiritual disease to a peace which she finds in the Roman Catholic church, with the largeness of view given by her years outside Christianity, which she sums up as follows:

In one of those terrifying "meet the author" luncheons for which writers are called upon to speak, I talked about my conversion to an audience predominantly Catholic. In the question period following my address, a bride-like woman stood up and said, "I would like you to tell me just when does a convert *reave* being a convert

and settle down to being just a plain Catholic." Her rudeness left me silent then, but I can answer her now. The answer, as I know it, is *never*. The Paul of Tarsus would agree.

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